

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The following letter will convey to the general reader an idea of how hospital patients are looked after by the religious workers who are engaged in visiting the sick:

MY DEAR DON,—I notice in SATURDAY NIGHT of last week reference is made, on your first page, to the visits of ministers to some of the homes of this city; or, perhaps, it was more correct if I were to say, the lack of visits which ministers ought to pay to homes of this city. Now, as everyone knows, it is one of the easiest things in the world to find fault. I am not at the same time assuming to be the apologist in any of the cases referred to. At the same time, one of the cases who "had been visited twice while she was sick in the hospital," suggested to me that possibly it might be a matter of interest for some of your readers to know something of what is done in visiting the sick, the suffering, and the dying in the General and other hospitals of our city.

First, I may state, there is a band of volunteer visitors, under the direction of Mr. Henry O'Brien, to each member of which are assigned certain wards which he or she is expected to visit. Then, each religious denomination appoints a minister of their own, whose duty it is to look after the members and adherents of the Church he represents. Thus, none are left without attention. The Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian and the Methodist ministers all are on one common plane and meet each other in the most cordial manner. The work of each minister is very much alike, reading the Scriptures, exhortations and prayer, and while each is supposed to pay special attention to those of his own communion, he is not by any means debarred from speaking to others.

For myself and the work I am trying to do I can speak in the most positive terms. During the many years since my first appointment to this work, I have met with the most cordial reception from members of all denominations, both Jews and Gentiles, and with the attention which I know is given, and the facilities for doing the work, it would be a very singular circumstance if any patient, rich or poor, should be overlooked in those daily visits.

My own record of course only relates to my own work. The following statements will give some idea of the numbers requiring attention: During the months of January and February of the present year 130 patients reported as Methodists were admitted to the General Hospital, more than one-fourth of the total number. This does not include the several hundreds of externs who attend at stated times for treatment. During the same period 30 Methodist patients were admitted to Grace Hospital, and 12 to St. Michael's, being a total of 172 in two months. These are all seen and conversed with at least once every week, and in many urgent cases daily visits are paid, and, when circumstances will admit, a short Scripture lesson is read and prayer is offered. Very frequently I have found that reading and prayer have been offered from fifteen to twenty times in the course of one day's visits. The exhausting nature of such work can be understood only by those who practice it. I have also held a regular church service every Sunday evening in the theater, open of course to all who are able to attend. This has never been omitted for at least the last five years. Other services are held during the day. A short service is also held with the inmates of the Burnside on Thursday afternoon. It has also been my privilege to furnish patients in the several hospitals with a large amount of good, wholesome reading, not entirely of a religious character, but, I think, sufficiently so both in kind and quantity to secure grateful attention and thoughtfulness. Several dozen Bibles were granted, on application, by the U. C. Bible Society for use there; a large quantity of tracts also have been obtained. Several ladies and gentlemen, kindly disposed, enabled me to procure a weekly supply of suitably illustrated papers, containing as well excellent reading matter. These have been very highly prized.

I do not think we can too highly value the existence in our midst of institutions of this character. Their blessing to humanity is beyond compare. I desire specially to emphasize the kindly consideration and facilities afforded for visiting at all times by the Mother Superior and Sisters of St. Joseph, under whose fostering aid the patients at St. Michael's are so well cared for.

Yours, etc., JOHN HUNT.

150 Wilton Avenue, March 30, 1897.

I have only to ask, do we have to go to a hospital to have our souls cared for? I appreciate what has been done, and I also appreciate what has been left undone. Unfortunately we have no hospitals for the diseased souls and maimed fragments of immortality which we should care a great deal for if we were a trifle more sincere in our beliefs. It is not the best phase of religious life which lends itself to organized charity and to work which is somewhat noisily approved by boards and hospitals, and that sort of thing. Christ tried to teach us that it was the man and woman who worked in the by-ways and the slums who were best; that it was the man and woman who slept under the hedges and had no certificate to procure their residence in the hospital who most needed our attention. With due credit to the author of the letter which is published above, it seems that to-day we are still following the old Pharisaical custom of looking after those who are fairly well able to look after themselves, while the outcast is left to die in the ditch. It is all right to be a member of the visiting board of a hospital; it is much harder to be a visiting board all by oneself in the homes of those who have forgotten God and feel as if they had been forsaken by Him.

The antagonism which the people are learning to feel against high schools and collegiate institutes in towns is beginning to impress itself upon several of the Western States. It is known that the boys and girls who go to town and attend school are nearly always lost to the country places from which they come. Nor is it wonderful that this should be the result to boys and girls who have been more or less isolated on farms, for when they get a taste of a larger life such as must come to them when they go to town and attend schools in which the intellectual vigor and brightness of

their companions are the greatest surprises that they meet, it is a very great deprivation they must expect when they think of returning home, where all this must be lost to them if they remain on the farm. Surely we can all sympathize with the young people who have never known anything but going to the country school and to the country church, when they find something better and more liable to excite growth in natures which are unfortunately small enough no matter what chances they get. In several Western States they have established central schools in townships, to which the children are taken in the morning in vans, open or closed as the weather may demand. These vans carry about twenty-five youngsters. Farmers adjacent to the school all have the opportunity of tending for the conveyance of pupils. When school closes the vans are all there to take the children home. They call them stages in the West, and the cost per pupil is very small.

The primary schools are conducted as they used to be, but such a high school is an institution which permits the pupil to reside with his or her parents. The widest advantages of education as a rule accrue to those who do not attend schools. The parents and brothers and sisters of the boy or girl who is at the high school and boarding in the town, benefit nothing from the contacts with high school pupils. In a country school where all the pupils go home at night, every advantage is given to the farmer. The children reside at home instead of in a boarding-house, and this is quite sure to protect their morals as well as to infect the home with their ideas. In

ing it unnecessary to have teachers who could include algebra, and geology, and physiology, and all the other "ologies" which are now tacked on to the course which every teacher must take before he or she is given a certificate to look after all those but the babes of the township. The milk-wagon routes, the co-operative idea, creameries, for instance, furnish us an excellent example of how the thing could be worked out. This country is making an extraordinary mistake in separating children from farm life and diverting them to a town life by means of its high schools and collegiate institutes. We can leave the youngster at home if we simply take the collective principle and educate the child without divorcing him or her from rural surroundings. We will also be educating the neighbors, and with the growth of the child will come the growth of the father and mother; they will advance along the same lines, and farming will cease to be so objectionable and hopeless as it has been in the past. Now we obtain an absolute divorce of the farm-born bairn when he or she attends the school in town, and those at home are lonesome while those at school are being spoiled for home.

Following out the principle of a central and highly graded school in the township, we would accomplish the best aims of our educationalists without separating children from their parents; without denying the parent the benefit of the school; without separating the child from the farm. It is to be hoped that a Minister of Education sufficiently large to estimate the worth of home life to the pupil and of child life at home, will be found who will re-organize our present destructive collegiate institute system and separate it from the methods of our Gov-

Without doubt there are a number of clubs struggling for an existence in Toronto which must ultimately go under, and, as we all must recognize the fact that our lives must be simplified and our expenses reduced by changed circumstances, it is just as well that we begin our retrenchments by lopping off those social and sporting institutions into which we are induced to enter more by a spirit of good-fellowship than any feeling that we require an additional place in which to spend our afternoons or evenings. It is much better for clubs which feel that they are unlikely to be able to pay their bills, to do this promptly than to wait until disaster must fall upon innocent people. Moreover, a great many members of clubs are keeping up their subscriptions while feeling themselves pecuniarily unable to do so; and this loyalty to the clubs, it must not be forgotten, often proves a disloyalty to their creditors and their families. Salaries are only beginning to come down, and the lesson may as well be learned that expenses must be reduced. There is no use disguising facts which are so patent to the thoughtful and which should be so important to the prudent. If men never permitted their pride to force their pace, either socially or otherwise, thousands would escape disaster who are continually being worried to death and yet struggle on against overwhelming odds. Though hard times make strange bed-fellows and cruelly outrage the pride and the prejudices of those who have been accustomed to have nearly everything they desire, yet this sort of thing should not be considered at all when a man's integrity and commercial standing are at stake.

It may be hard to convince the folks at home

selves. There is no boom now, nor is there one in sight for the people of the old provinces. Circumstances have changed, and they will stay changed, and the two score times that I have written on this topic when endeavoring to warn people against over-confidence and too much hopefulness as to a flood of prosperity picking us off our feet and carrying us back to the old halcyon days, embolden me to speak still more plainly now that the pinch is being felt. We are all right if we are frugal and so simplify our living and habits that a little will answer where once we spent a great deal.

Farms that used to sell for fifty dollars an acre, by forced sale—and after they have been neglected by the hopeless mortgagors—bring about twenty or twenty-five dollars an acre, even with reasonable competition amongst neighboring farmers who desire to increase their holdings. Houses in the city that cost twelve or fifteen thousand dollars can now be bought for half that price. I am not anxious to deprecate the value of real estate or to cause any undue alarm, but it must be borne in mind that the big financial institutions which lent money on those farms, on these houses, are to-day practically the owners of them, and tenants who want large houses are hard to find, and they only accept them as a favor at a very small rental. In view of this, those living on the dividends of companies engaged in loaning money should be careful, because a settlement day always has to arrive, and it may be a very bitter one for those who have lost their earning capacity and are left without an income. Those who hold the real estate have suffered, and suffered bitterly; those who hold the mortgages may also suffer, and suffer bitterly as well!

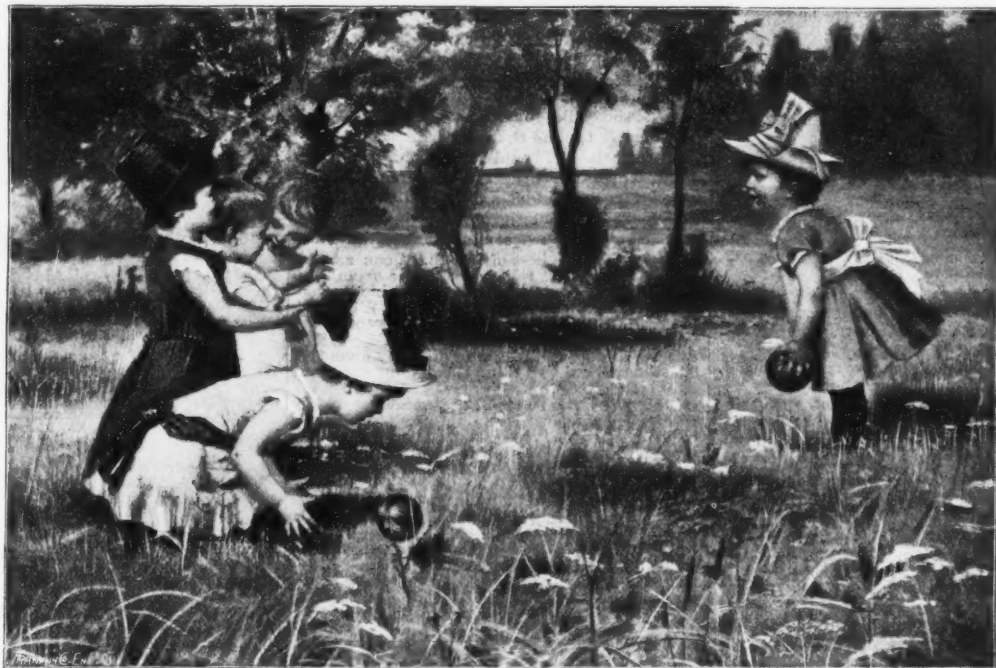
However, it is perhaps useless to talk in this strain, for people living on the dividends from loan society stocks or on the rentals of houses and stores will very likely go on buying their goods at the departmental store, which is doing more than anything else to ruin them, for the economy of the moment seems to be more worth their while than prudence and foresight with regard to what must come later on. No doubt the one who gives the best advice and gives it after having had the truth burned into his own soul by experience, will be more apt to be avoided than listened to. But as advice is about the only thing that is left to give away, there is no reason why pieces of it should not be bandied around, and there will be no hard feelings if they are not accepted.

In discussing such an ungracious and depressing thing as the diminution of values, no suggestion is more thankless than the one that many institutions should have a change of management. This does not arise from any knowledge that our large institutions are being mismanaged, but from the general rule that after men have gone through good times and had certain values fixed upon their minds as the standard of what things are worth, it is difficult, if not impossible, to change their opinions. In the first place, they hate to confess that they did not foresee the "dump." In the next place, it is almost impossible to change an elderly man's way of doing business. In the third place, a little army of employees often gathers around a business, and the paternal feeling that the head of it has for them all prevents him discharging the useless ones. Moss may grow on the door-sill and mildew cover the books, and still the kind old heart and the good old head who is at the helm feels that good times will come back pretty soon and everything will be all right, and he cannot bear to hurt the feelings of those who have been true to him, or cut off the livelihood of those who have so many responsibilities attached to them.

It was in this way that the Grand Trunk Railway ran so far into the hole, and there is more of this destructive paternalism going on than the majority of people are aware of. It speaks well for the qualities of a manager's heart when he is so kind and thoughtful of those about him, but it is no mark of good management, and it must be considered by the executive boards an exceedingly good reason why the hardest and sharpest business principles should be applied to the pruning down of salaries and officials. This sort of thing must be done in many cases, and it ought to be done at once. Yet it must not be forgotten that institutions in hard times need cleverer management than in dull times. Those affairs which under five-thousand-dollar-a-year presidents are perishing of dry-rot, could not do better than obtain a man at fifteen thousand dollars a year if the new fellow is up to date and can help the thing out of the rut. No progressive mercantile institution discharges its highest-priced travelers when pressed for a curtailment of business; the cheap fellow is let go on the start, and Canada is rather unfortunate in having had so many of her high-priced men taken away from her. However, this is a gloomy topic, and would not be introduced were it not for the fact that individuals and companies are evidently fooling away their time when they wait for some wave of prosperity which they do not create, but which popular superstition imagines is liable to come almost any day like a cyclone, or a thunder-storm, or a school of fishes in the bay.

Nothing is more noticeable in Canada than the changed attitude of public opinion. Less

Continued on Page Four.



A FEATURE OF THE BASEBALL SEASON.

our school system we seem to have forgotten that the greatest good to the greatest number comes by reason of the pupil having a home life into which is diffused the small learning he or she gets at school. These benefits are not obtained by either boarding-school life or the life which necessitates a residence apart from parents. Our great educationalists should remember that the child educates the parent as much as the parent educates the child. If the high school system were dropped in Ontario and the big brick schoolhouse built in every township, with vans for the conveyance of pupils connected therewith, the parents would reap the advantage as well as the children. The home work, the score of accessories to a superior education, would uplift the family instead of being wasted at a boarding-school in a town. We may idolize the country school, but we should try to idealize the education of the better class of pupils, while at the same moment idealizing the homes from which they come.

Those who go to boarding-schools and board in a town and follow the high school curriculum, are of little or no use to those who live in the farmhouse. It spoils them for home, the country does not give them an opportunity for a career, and we make school teachers and professional people for export. With the home school, where the pupil resides at night with his or her father and mother, we can be sure that we are educating not only the child, but the adult.

If this were adopted in Ontario the high school in small towns would become a thing of the past; the taxes which now are levied to make high schools possible would make a principal country school in each township a possibility; and the curriculum of the primary schools might very well be reduced to mean only the "three R's," and the reduction in the price of teachers by mak-

ing it unnecessary to have teachers who could include algebra, and geology, and physiology, and all the other "ologies" which are now tacked on to the course which every teacher must take before he or she is given a certificate to look after all those but the babes of the township.

The difficulties that some of our local clubs have to make both ends meet are proven, by the following extract from a New York paper, to be very general even in Gotham, where some of the most magnificently appointed edifices are the meeting-places of very exclusive sets:

"HARD TIMES IN CLUBBING."—There is no doubt that "hard times," after shifting about through every portion of the community, have at last found their way through the exclusive portals of some of our social clubs.

Ordinarily the club is the last social factor of all to feel financial depression, for whatever other economies may be forced upon the club member he will hold out to the last for his medium of food, drink and smoke.

The trouble seems to be that many clubbable men feel, for the present at least, that they cannot contribute to a variety of clubs. They have joined them all in better times, and used them, too, for various purposes—bridge whist here, or euchre there, a special brand of champagne at another, a green turtle soup at a fourth; but their annual dues have run up far into the hundreds, and as their income becomes microscopic the size of their annual club budget looks as big as a house.

In pulling in his horns the club member naturally sticks to his first love, or to the one club that can afford him the largest majority of the luxuries to which he is accustomed. So it has come to pass that while three or four clubs maintain their full membership and receipts from members many others are nearly buried under the letters of resignation received.

The unusual spectacle is presented to-day of two clubs of high standing and irreproachable accommodations throwing open their doors for the free admittance of new members. Such an opportunity was never offered before, and may not come again, and should be taken immediate advantage of by those hapless individuals who have never yet been initiated into the joys of clubdom.

that affairs are not as prosperous as they used to be, for sometimes women are unreasonable, and the husband feels that he is looked upon as "a back number" and as a miserable incapable if he cannot keep up the pressure. The easiest way for a man to convince his wife and family that retrenchment is the only way to avoid absolute poverty, is by resigning from some of his clubs, cutting down his personal expenses, and struggling to replace expensive social functions with the cheaper and perhaps more healthful exercise of bicycling, walking parties, and little affairs which cost little money. No woman is a true wife who will not follow such a lead, therefore careful men and wise wives should look to it that the evil day be postponed or avoided by economies.

Take the position of this city and province to-day as compared with that of ten years ago. The valuations of loan societies will tell you, if they are candid, that there has been an absolute drop of fifty per cent. in the values of real estate, both rural and urban. This disastrous falling off of prices does not affect the owner of real estate only. The holders of loan society stocks and those who are living on the interest of mortgages have within the last couple of years found all the margin swept away from their securities. Stocks have gone down, some of the leading ones having decreased over a half; the revenue must also decrease. Those who thought themselves securely pensioned after years of hard work, that they either did themselves or was done for them by others, thus discover themselves to be almost penniless, for taxes, and repairs, and insurance, and cost of management eat up the interest they get, and the market being so flabbergasted makes it impossible for them to re-arrange their investments. We may live in a fool's paradise and hope that very shortly things will get better. We may be sure that things will only get better as we make them better our-

Wheeling Girls.



HIS time of the year every girl who rides a wheel may be seen sitting on the floor of the kitchen or the hall cleaning her wheel. She takes the machine apart piece by piece as if she really understood how it should be done. There she sits surrounded with oil and rags, sprocket

wheel, chain, nuts, etc., lying in her lap. Having adjusted the wrench she loosens a nut, draws out a bolt, takes out a piece here and there, gradually pulling the machine to pieces. After cleaning thoroughly all the parts, boiling the chain, and oiling all the places where there is any friction, the machine is slowly put together again and she stands triumphantly overlooking her achievement.

Now she waits anxiously day after day for the roads to get dry enough for her to take a spin. At last a day comes. It is a warm, bright spring day. She arises early, and after a light breakfast starts off on her steel steed. The morning air is crisp and bright, and the wheel flies along the dusty road. A rapture thrills her through and through.

As the popular expression says, there are others. All over the country, wheels are being brought out from their winter resting-places and are being cleaned and oiled for the summer campaign. Within the last few years the wheel has gained tremendously in popularity. Many women who now are the most enthusiastic devotees of it, a few years ago attacked it strongly, saying it was unwomanly, unfeminine, and un-a-good many other things, but their ideas have changed. Now the number who oppose the wheel has grown very small indeed



Trying a New Costume at 5 a.m.

and is confined almost entirely to a few extreme cranks.

Now to see a girl wheeling down a street in bloomers or divided skirt does create such an ensation as it would have several years ago. Knickerbockers have not been taken up altogether as yet, as there are a good many who have a kind of fear or prejudice against bloomers or the divided skirt, but when they have once fallen victim to the temptation they will never ride in anything else. It is impossible to enumerate the advantages of knickerbockers over the skirt; one has to wear them and ride with them to fully appreciate them.

As a rule women ride much more gracefully than men. They sit more upright in the saddle and move without much apparent effort. They do not lean away down over their handle-bars as a man does, especially if he is scorching. There is no need for her to double herself in this way, for a woman should not scorch. She can develop the bicycle face fast enough without that.

Many women refrain from wheeling on account of being afraid to learn; a fear of falling, getting bruised or hurt. There is no necessity for such fear. Any woman may learn to ride; it is simply a matter of confidence and time. There should never be a case of failure. Of course it will take some a great deal longer



An Afternoon Run.

to learn than others. Nervous women have a hard time in mastering the wheel. The less nervous ones learn in no time, laughing off their falls and bruises.

It is very interesting to watch, at any of the cycling academies, the novice learning to ride. The story of the whole affair is written on her face. She struggles, squirms, strains and exerts her utmost strength to make the wheel go, and go straight. She talks in a very deprecatory way to the poor wheel. The poor innocent wheel goes on, having to stand all this, perhaps not understanding why.

After she has conquered it and takes a spin along a public way she begins to be more and more attached to the wheel, which she finds is very true if treated right.

A little advice to beginners taking their first spin on a public street would not be out of place.

1st. If you see a stone and want to get past it safely, steer straight for it. You are sure to wobble past.

2nd. If you see a cab, cart or other conveyance

coming toward you, dismount before it gets closer than a block. Drag your wheel on the side pavement and give the conveyance the whole road. For many reasons you will find this the safest way to do.

3rd. Don't scorch. 4th. If you see an old man with his back turned towards you looking for the name of the street, don't deliberately knock him down with a side wabble.

5th. You will find it is not advisable to try to discover whether a street car or your wheel is the stronger.

6th. Steer clear of another beginner coming in the opposite direction or going in the same way. CHAM.

Canada to Columbia.

For Saturday Night.

I.
Ere out of our sickened East we crept,
In the wake of the setting sun.
This land we have cloven in twain by hate,
In the days of old was one.
'Twas one from the walls of eternal ice
To the hills of eternal heat,
From the fog-wrapt Banks to that bourn remote,
Where the waves and the Rockies meet,
From the lonely dunes of the polar snows
And the plains of the norland pine,
Right down to the shore of the sultry Gulf
And the vale of the southern vine;
And the bird and the wind all season long
Knew naught of our old-world cry
Of, "Yonder the home of a stranger-folk"
And "Yonder an alien sky;"
For over it bent the one blue dome,
And journeyed the one good sun,
And the riotous lakes joined laughing hands,
And the world of the west was one.

II.
But we, with our old-world legends,
And the taint of our old-world ills,
We came with the curse in our heart-core,
And cleaving the plains and hills,
We laid the Line of our Homeland there,
As the Line of our hatred and love;
Then kneeled to our God, and unto him taught
The infinite good thereof,
And prayed, since north of the Line were brothers,
And south of the Line were foes,
That His blight should ever fall
Where the wind of the Alien blows.

III.
So ye, who dwelt in the Southland,
Spoke up to the selfsame note:
My heart shall I harden against ye,
My hand shall I hold at your throat,
And your Home,—shall I hate to the finish,
And mine,—shall I love to the end;
And since you are south of the Border,
I claim you as kindred and friend,
But for ye who have gone to the Outlands,
And over the mystical Line,
My hate shall endure till the end of my days,
Or unto the end of thine;
And though we have spoken the selfsame tongue,
And eaten the selfsame bread,
The line of our hatred and love ordains
That I loathe ye, living or dead.

IV.
God knows in our old-world legends
Lurked many an old-world blot,—
Old gods that were best forgotten,
And days that we scarce would name
And many a deed we sorrowed for,
And many a thing of shame.
We had mourned them of old too long,
And we, to remember not,
Went forth from the homes of our fathers,
And old in our sorrows, came
To the uttermost ends of the earth,
That the old-time wrongs we wrought,
And the curse of our foolish hatred,
Some day might be forgot.

V.
And have we so well forgotten,
And made us our peace with God,
That again we should write in our blood
What brought us of old abroad?
And the things it were sorrow to utter,
Be spoken with laughter again?
God's sunlight is gold on our highlands,
Your lowlands are sweet with His rain,
Where your hillside grows heavy with harvest,
Our norlands are golden with grain;
And as though we were suckled of she-wolves,
With neither a dug nor a bone,
We each of us snarl at the other in hate
Who are given so much of our own.
And housed by the selfsame seas as we are,
And roofed by the one blue dome,
Like children we babble of hatred,—and lo!
We sleep in the selfsame home;
Where prisoned by ancient passions,
We vaunt of our freedom in vain
And e'en in our boasting,
Bruise our limbs on the old ironical chain.

VI.
Let them who are far from our doorway
Make war, as it was of old,
And the life of the one be hatred,
And the heart of the one be cold.
Let them if they will, be wolves,
And their house from the wolf withhold,
And since with the sword they conquered,
Be conquered themselves by the sword.
But we, my brothers, who loitered and ate
So long at the selfsame board,
Shall hound the curse of our ancient hate
From our re-united home,
And eat of each other's harvest again,
And reap of each other's loam;
And the life we live be a larger life,
And our love know never a line,
From the lonely dunes of the polar snows
And the plains of the norland pine
Right down to the shore of the sultry Gulf,
And the vale of the southern vine.
So we of the North, to ye of the South,
Stretch over an open hand,
And ye—ye have had your sorrows,
And ye will understand!
Toronto. ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

The Exact Statement.

Here is the statement made by Labouchere in *Truth* in regard to the new Governor-General of Canada:

I hear that Lord Aberdeen will return to England next year, and that he is to be succeeded as Governor-General of Canada by the Duke of Leeds. His Grace, who has been yachting in the Mediterranean during the winter, was Treasurer of the Household, and one of the Ministerial Whips when he sat in the House of Commons as Lord Carmarthen. The Duchess of Leeds is a sister of Lord Durham and of Lady Pembroke.

By the way, it is rumored that Lord Aberdeen has said that he likes Canada so well that, on the completion of his term of office, he shall continue to reside in the Dominion, for some time at least.

A Farmer's Wife

Tells a Story of Years of Pain and Suffering.

Doctors Utterly Failed to Help Her and Morphine was Continually Resorted to—Became so Weak she Could Scarcely Perform Her Household Duties.

From the *Bearer*, Napanee.

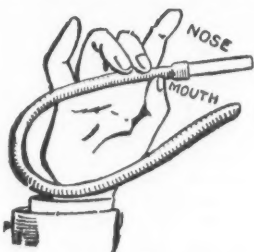
MR. and MRS. Robert Stone have been residents of the township of Ernestown, about ten miles east of Napanee, for a period of about three years, and in that time have gained the esteem of all their neighbors. For six years previous to this time they had lived in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and it was during their residence there that Mrs. Stone was attacked with an illness that made her life miserable for years. To a reporter who recently interviewed her she told the following story: "During the early part of our residence in Colorado, my illness first came on. At the outset every two or three weeks I would be attacked with a pain in my stomach. Later on it greatly increased in severity and at times was so bad that I would scream aloud with the pain. A doctor was called in, but the only benefit I ever received from his treatment was



through the injection of morphine into my arm, as a result of which the pain would gradually pass away. The medicine which was given me, however, had not the slightest effect, and the doctor appeared to be greatly perplexed, and thereafter continually resorted to injections of morphine when the attacks came on. These attacks continued at intervals until our return to Canada, when they increased in frequency and intensity. The result was that I grew very weak and my whole system seemed to be giving out. My complexion turned a yellowish hue and I had little or no appetite. Latterly I would be attacked with fainting spells, preceded by attacks of dizziness. I became utterly unable to stand fatigue, and could with the greatest difficulty perform my household duties. A doctor was called in who treated me for some time without benefiting me any. Then he gave me what I know to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had used two boxes I felt somewhat better. I then purchased the pills myself and continued the treatment. I found that the pain was gradually decreasing. I could get rest and sleep at night, which had hitherto been almost impossible. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for several months, and the result is that they have effected a complete cure, and I am now enjoying the best of health. I can assure you it is a great relief to be free from the trouble that made my life miserable for so many years, and I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for succeeding when doctors had failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE



CURES cold in the head in ten minutes.
CURES incipient catarrh in from one to three days.
CURES chronic catarrh, hay fever and rose fever.
Complete, with blower free.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS
Price 25 Cents

OUR LEADER...

REGAL SHOES

Where the shoe pinches there's a wrong that needs rectifying, a wrinkle of annoyance that makes a corn or a sore foot. The

REGAL SHOE never pinches because it fits. Five hundred styles to choose from. The Regal wears and is just full of good looks and comfort. Every shoe hand-made.



For Spring Weddings

We supply the most desirable stationery for wedding purposes.

PAPER—Latest Shapes, Finest Qualities.

ENGRAVING—As good as in London and New York.

PRINTING—Carefully and Perfectly Executed.

PRICES—Lower than imported work and as low as any local production.

Visiting Cards from
Copperplate \$1 per 100

WM. TYRRELL & CO.

12 King St. West, Toronto

A POINTER...

Elegant stationery is an evidence of good judgment, whether used by a private individual or a mercantile establishment.

Write to...

The Barber & Ellis Co., of Toronto
for information.

M. STAUNTON & COY

Decorate YOUR HOME Now

We are retiring from the retail business—our entire stock of Wall Papers is being cleared away at sacrifice prices—you never had such a decorating opportunity for so little money—we're not clearing out old off-style papers—but all the newest and handsomest patterns—just fresh from the factory—and discounts ranging from 10 to 60 per cent. off regular prices makes them genuine.

BARGAINS IN WALL PAPERS

Wholesale and
Manufacturing Branch
as usual.

M. Staunton & Co.

950 YONGE STREET



The Gendron

Ladies, No. 24

THE SILVER BEAUTY

Silver finished frame with rims and guards to match, Christy, Brooks or Garford Saddles.

STAND ABOVE COMPARISON WITH ANY OTHER WHEELS

It is distinctly unique in its style of construction. It embodies several features which cannot be found in any other bicycles.

The Gendron patent silver finish is guaranteed to outwear several coats of the best enamel. It will not rust or scratch.

It has the easiest running 3-point bearings, which were so plainly proven to be superior to the 4-point bearing in a coasting contest in which the GENDRON outclassed over 300 bicycles, among which the 4-point bearing bicycles were conspicuous at the rear end of the procession.

Before buying your '97 mounts we invite you to examine the Gendron Silver Beauties. Samples can be seen at

1384 1-2 QUEEN STREET WEST

320 QUEEN STREET EAST

472 QUEEN STREET EAST

242 YONGE STREET

or at Head Office and Factory—

COR. DUCHESS and ONTARIO STREETS

GENDRON MFG. CO., Ltd.

TORONTO, Ont.

Viking Bicycles

HIGHEST SKILLED LABOR, BEST MATERIAL.
IN CONSTRUCTION, BEAUTY AND DURABILITY

ARE UNEXCELLED

Norseman Cycles

WELL BUILT AND UP TO DATE IN EVERY WAY.
A RELIABLE WHEEL AT MODERATE PRICE.
EVERY ONE GUARANTEED.

BERTRAM & CO.

HARDWARE and BICYCLES

53 Yonge Street, Toronto

CANADIAN AGENTS

UNION MANFG. CO.

TOLEDO, O.

THE BARNUMS OF BUSINESS.

The Departmental Store Question was Discussed on Monday in the Ontario Legislature, but Action was Deferred until the next Session.—The Cause of Honest Men shall win—The Barnums of Business shall have their Circus Tricks Exposed.

THOSE who have gone into the fight against the humbugging of the people carried on by departmental stores have great cause for rejoicing. The fight has only lasted about six weeks, and already between seventy and eighty newspapers in Ontario—not to mention many in all the other Provinces of the Dominion—have taken up the question and intend to keep at it until success crowns the agitation.

Mr. J. T. Middleton, M.P.P., of Hamilton, introduced his Bill in the Legislature on Monday. He proposes to permit cities containing a population of 30,000 or more to pass, on a two-thirds vote of its aldermen, a by-law imposing a special tax on stores handling more than three lines of goods.

Mr. Haycock, leader of the Patrons, said he was not prepared to declare against the principle of the bill, but he asked that it be held over until the next session, as the present one was nearly over, and the question was important.

Hon. A. S. Hardy, Premier and leader of the Liberals, said he would not say that he was opposed to the principle of the bill, but he also wished it held over until the next session. He thought the departmental store destroyed individuality as well as property. To quote *The Mail and Empire* as to Mr. Hardy's position:

He hinted that a parliamentary committee to take evidence on both sides of the question and to enquire into the wages of employees, etc., would be appointed before the next session.

The *Globe* reports Mr. Hardy as saying, among other things:

Something might possibly be done to modify the immense advantages which these stores now enjoy over the ordinary business man.

Mr. Whitney, leader of the Conservative Opposition, is thus reported in the *Mail and Empire*:

Mr. Whitney said the gravity and importance of the subject was such that it would not be possible to deal with it in an intelligent way with the time or double the time at their disposal. He had strong sympathy with the objects of the bill. Coming from a rural constituency, he knew, perhaps, better than members from cities, that the retail merchants throughout the country were suffering terribly from the system of departmental stores. The Government would have to grapple with the question sooner or later, and adopt some means of solving it. If the bill had been introduced earlier in the session something might have been done.

What does this mean? It means that on the very first mention of the question in the Legislature the leaders of the three parties spoke in a manner satisfactory to those who have come forward to resist the business immoralities introduced by departmental stores. The leader of the Patrons was not prepared to declare against the principle of the Bill; the leader of the Liberals was not prepared to declare against the principle of the Bill; the leader of the Conservatives endorsed the principle of the Bill.

What does the postponement of the question mean? It means that there really is not time to take it up this session, but it further and more particularly means that all the political leaders will wait to see what strength is developed by the present movement, and the Legislature will next session be governed by the facts that are brought out and by the strength of the demands made for reforms.

It therefore devolves upon the newspapers, business men, boards of trade, and town councils, to see that every day between the close of the present and the opening of the next session is made use of in forwarding the interests of the cause.

The *World* reported Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., as opposed to Mr. Middleton's bill, but I find by the *Globe* and the *Mail and Empire* that Mr. Howland favored action by the Legislature, although he desired the question to be held over until the next session, when it could receive proper consideration. He pointed out that in Austria legislation had been passed. The *Globe* quotes him as having made this good point:

There is a question whether the economy of these stores as compared with ordinary stores was not due to the saving of their labor, the substitution of female for male labor, and to a large extent to the taking of inferior labor.

The closing word of that extract might well have been "goods," and I would not be surprised to hear that Mr. Howland had used the word "goods." I had understood that the debate on Mr. Middleton's Bill would occur on Tuesday, and so failed to be present when it was suddenly brought forward on Monday. I had intended securing *verbatim* reports of the speeches made. Mr. Cleland was practically the only man who argued the cause of departmental stores, and if I can get a complete report of his speech, I shall endeavor to show why he, of all men in the Legislature, should have asked for more information and time before venturing to express an opinion.

Mr. Cleland is, I believe, in the hardware business and comes from the County of Grey. During the recess I shall attempt to collect and print some information as to the effects of departmental stores upon the County of Grey, upon the hardware business, and upon the temper and quality of hardware itself. By the way, Mr. McNichol also rather sided with departmental stores. What is wrong with Grey county?

Mr. Willoughby said that no measure of greater importance had been raised during the session. Dr. Mathieson said it was the old "Song of the Shirt." Labor was ground down so that people could buy cheaply.

Mr. Middleton of Hamilton, who introduced the Bill, was probably the best posted man in the Legislature on the subject. He has spent his life in retail and wholesale trade and is fully posted on all the humbugs played upon the people. He knows how "bargains" are given—knows that goods are often as cheap in merit as in price, and that the refuse of factories is bought up and sold at profits as large as others get for good goods. Mr. Middleton deserves credit for introducing and guiding the Bill. He has won a partial endorsement of

the principle of the Bill, and although it may never pass in its present form, action is sure at next session if the campaign is pressed forward.

Let newspaper men everywhere, the aldermen of Toronto and the members of the Ontario Legislature consider the case which I am about to state and decide whether, in the face of it, the present situation can be allowed to continue.

A professional gentleman of my acquaintance has a cottage in the country where he resides in the summer. He is a great lover of flowers, and every year tries to get a finer garden than the year before. A few weeks ago he went as usual to the Steel, Briggs Seed Company and bought a great variety of seeds. About ten days ago he read a departmental store advertisement announcing great "bargains in garden seeds," and as he read the prices he was amazed.

"If they can sell seeds at that price and Briggs charges what he charged me," he said, "then SATURDAY NIGHT might as well give up the fight."

Next day, being down town, he went into the departmental store and bought a lot of seed packages of different varieties and took them home. That evening he placed the departmental store seed packages on one end of his writing-table, and picked out corresponding packages (the same species) from Briggs seeds and put them at the other end of the table. The number of packages was the same, yet he found that

Briggs packages had cost \$2.10
Departmental store packages had cost25

This showed a tremendous difference, but he is a thorough-going man, and so he decided to examine the seeds. He found Briggs' much plumper, and then he counted the seeds, and after counting several packages he found that they contained the following average number of seeds per package:

Briggs packages, average 3,000
Departmental store packages, average 152

In other words, one package of Briggs seeds if opened and made into departmental store packages would make about 19½ of such packages.

In still other words, to get the same quantity of seed that had been sold by Briggs for \$2.10 would cost at the departmental store about \$5. Yet seeds were supposed to be a phenomenal bargain at the departmental store.

They were loudly advertised and people clutched at them, thinking they were getting \$2.10 worth for 25 cents.

People said: "It's wonderful how they do it!" This is how they did it, and is there anything wonderful about it? The departmental store got double the regular price of seeds, yet they got credit for giving a big bargain. The same sort of trick is worked in many ways. Be on your guard—test the thing for yourself, if you are still one of the thoughtless multitude who are pulling the city down to enrich the Barnums of Business.

Another great point in this seed episode is that the Briggs Company has its whole fortune in the business of growing and selling seeds. Its reputation depends upon the merits of its seeds and bulbs. The utmost care of skilled gardeners and floriculturists is employed, and laboriously, year after year, a reputation has been built up. Poor seeds are not sold, but are destroyed. Departmental stores don't care a rap about the seed business. If garden seeds don't prove good bait after having been used and abused a couple of seasons, other bait will be found.

I don't think people like to be humbugged any more than fish like to be caught, but many people are as foolish as fish in the way they bite at hooks that are almost bare and easily seen if they would not jump so greedily.

Just to show how wily the departmental stores are: I am told that during the "millinery openings" at the wholesale houses one departmental store reduced the prices on its millinery goods from 25 to 50 per cent., and chucked prices up again the moment the milliners had left town. Why was this done? To create the impression in the minds of out-of-town milliners that that store sold as cheap or cheaper than the wholesale houses. There was no reduction announced, no bargains advertised, the purpose being to suggest the idea that such prices prevailed the year around and weren't worth mentioning in an advertisement. The fact, no doubt, is that they didn't want to sell a cent's worth at the prices—they merely wanted to plant erroneous ideas in the minds of milliners who would scatter everywhere and talk about and act upon what they saw.

Let me repeat what has been said before: Do not misunderstand the position of SATURDAY NIGHT on this question. We are not trying to make water run up hill, nor to prevent it running down hill; but we hold that the typical departmental store cannot possibly exist in a town where two or three newspapers are devoted to the task of recording the tricks by which it attracts and transacts business. We hold that the departmental stores which make the claim of selling goods cheaper than other stores can be tackled on that, their chosen ground, and shown to be charging exorbitant prices. This may sound strange to those who have heard so much about bargains and to those who have actually secured bargains, but wise men and women will give us a chance to present our evidence on the question. We intend to show that departmental stores

Grind their employees to starvation wages in order to sell goods cheap;
Grind labor in shops, factories, cellars and garrets in order to sell goods cheap;
Depress the intrinsic value of merchandise in order to sell goods cheap;
And then, in ninety cases out of a hundred,

don't sell them a cent cheaper than elsewhere, and so get four profits instead of one.

Any general theory about economy of handling does not apply in the present case, for any economy made in the cost of housing and handling goods (with the exception of such articles here and there throughout a store as are necessary for bait, and these are generally made to order to sell at the bargain price) goes into the profits of the company and nowhere else.

The newspapers gave a monopoly to departmental stores by selling them advertising space, in which they could daily pound the word "bargains" into the people. The newspapers, by daily analyzing those so-called bargains, can expose the whole game and destroy an evil, the extent of which they did not foresee when the circus business was first amalgamated with storekeeping.

Mr. John D. O'Brien and Mr. P. T. Lee have handed me the following table showing the number of stores vacant on some of the leading streets of Toronto. These figures were compiled about ten days ago and show five hundred and eighty-five stores to have then been vacant, and the properties in question were, all told, assessed at \$2,907,166. Here is the list:

Name of Street.	Number of Stores.	1890 Assessment.
Yonge	75	\$76,185
Queen	186	257,238
King	94	575,165
College	13	39,120
Spadina	18	45,357
Church	18	96,257
York	20	85,245
Lombard	5	17,550
Wellington	15	110,190
Scott	2	49,050
Parliament	19	35,570
Gerrard	6	13,611
Carlton	1	2,572
Bay	13	108,083
Front	21	253,926
Dundas	26	49,050
Broadview	2	2,000
Wellesley	1	1,000
Portland	1	1,533
Markham	1	1,700
Palmerston	1	1,162
Rutherford	5	10,014
Arthur	2	3,445
Floor	8	15,116
Adelaide	11	58,128
Colborne	10	73,370
Francis	1	3,000
Victoria	4	20,000
McCauley	1	19,375
McCauley	1	4,000
Total	585	\$2,907,166

Now, in regard to this table, I do not wish to be understood as urging that we could by any method of procedure against departmental stores bring all those vacant premises into immediate use. It would not be possible, nor would it, perhaps, be altogether desirable. Some of those properties have outlasted their usefulness. Some of them were built in the days of the boom, when people were almost insane. But this table possesses a striking significance for three classes of our readers, and for their benefit I publish it.

(1) The men who own those vacant stores—men who, in good faith, built or bought those stores, which were in 1890 assessed for nearly \$3,000,000.

(2) The men who live by their association, directly or indirectly, with the building trade, and now see those 585 stores warning all men of the folly of putting up new buildings.

(3) The taxpayers of the city of Toronto and the men charged with the duty of managing the affairs of the municipality, who find \$3,000,000 worth of property rendered unproductive to its owners, and unable soon to produce taxes.

These three classes are interested. The taxpayers, however, are specially interested, because no steps have so far been taken to shift the burden to where it belongs. I met a man this week running at large and under no physical restraint, who said: "But if you tax departmental stores more than they now pay, they'll just raise the price of their goods." If one reasons in this way he might as well say that if such stores were altogether exempted from taxes they could sell cheaper than they now do. If the city would give them a bonus annually of \$200,000 a year perhaps they could even sell as cheaply as they now pretend to do. People often kick when a factory is exempted from taxation although the amount of exemption may only be on an assessment of \$50,000 or \$100,000, yet when a departmental store carries a stock worth \$600,000 or \$1,000,000 and is only assessed for \$75,000 or \$100,000, there is really conferred upon it a vaster exemption than upon any factory in Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—One of Toronto's largest churches gave the substantial order of \$1,000 for carpet to the leading departmental store of the city. There's little doubt but nearly every person connected with this church from the board of managers to the humblest adherent is suffering much from the changes brought around in our city through the unbusinesslike methods of this departmental store. In fact many of them who were in remunerative employment in the past have been forced to seek other fields to make a living. If there were not reputable business houses in the city where the order would have been filled just on as good terms—if not better—there would be some excuse for giving the order to a "concern." It would be interesting if one could go into details and show how much this particular church has been clipped off in its yearly receipts owing to the reduction of the incomes of its attendants brought about by the institution that the board of managers seem to have such a particular liking for.

My correspondent has not given the name of the church to which he refers. I have not the faintest idea as to which Toronto church is meant, nor how much carpet, nor what quality of carpet was secured for the thousand dollars expended, but, knowing what I do about the methods of the big stores, I am prepared to say that if the managers of the church will come forward with their receipts and samples of the carpets purchased I will undertake to show that they could have bought carpets as good or better for the same money in other stores in Toronto, and I hold that if I could show that I would thereby convict the managers of that church of having done a wrong thing because (1) they spent their money with a firm that pays inadequate salaries to its employees; (2) they supported a monopoly that aims by tricks to ruin the men who support churches, schools and every other good thing that needs support in Toronto. The managers of that church and the managers of that store know where to find me if they wish to prove that that deal in carpets was in the interests of religion and of the people of the congregation.

Many important articles have appeared in out-of-town papers showing how the bargain madness has infected the whole province, and in an early issue I shall quote a lot of strong points from the press of Ontario. MACK.

Here's to Canada.

For Saturday Night.

To her white half-year-long winter and its wolfish north-west wind,
And her cold gray days in the spring-time and their whipping, washing rains,
And her cold gray days in the autumn and their wind that clears our brains,
And the golden days of her summer and their sweet-scented south-west wind.

To her millions of yellow acres and her hard-muscled, sun-browned fow
Who work with sweat-wetted clothing in the wire-girdled fields,
To the hungry machine and the feeder's arms, and the knife the twine-cutter wields,
To the toiling teams, and the long, swift trains, and the deep-held steamers, too,
To her whistling, red-faced woodsmen and the bright white axes swing,
Day-long in the snow-lit dark of the woods in the peopleless North,
To her gay-hearted, light-foot drivers—they are men of native birth,
Though their merry, rhymeless songs ring out in an alien tongue.

To her strong-limbed, gruff-voiced miners who toil in the warm mine gloom,
To her fishers who fish in the storm-swept lakes and her fishers who fish at sea,
To her sailors who work the lake-craft in a hardy lot they be,
To her sailors who work the sea-craft and mind not dreer or doom.
Toronto, April, '97. MARRY MARSTYN.

Unverified War Rumors.

Punch.

General Hary L-b-chre has left for the Levant with a battery of air guns.
It is rumored that the Rev. H-g Wat Price H-g-s has hoisted the Independent flag over the fortification of Canes.

Field-Marshal J-r-me Kosmos J-r-me and the Authors' Brigade have been sent out to Selino at the expense of the Publishers' Union. They are armed with the new Log-rolling Machine Gun.

Mr. G-l-d-st-ne has sent a postcard to the leader of the insurgents urging him to read his monograph on Homer.

She Was a Daughter Herself.

Indianapolis Journal.

"Might I ask," said the lady from South America, "why that plain person at the far side of the room arrogates unto herself so many airs?"

"She is a Daughter of the Revolution," said the one interrogated, in awed tones. "Her ancestor fought in the Revolution."

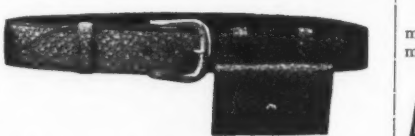
"Oh," said the lady from South America, "I myself am a daughter of seventeen of them."

The Boston Doll.

Chicago Tribune.

"Perhaps the little girl would like a talking doll," suggested the salesman at the toy store. "I think I would," said the little Boston girl, speaking for herself, "if you have any that can talk intelligently. I could not endure one that giggles."

Ladies' Leather Belts



Belts and Buckles

are growing in richness as the season advances. Our assortment of Belts is the largest and most complete shown this season.

The JULIAN SALE

Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

105 King Street West, Toronto

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE LEATHER GOODS



E. C. STEARNS & COMPANY, MAKERS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.
TORONTO, ONT., BUFFALO, N. Y., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., PARIS, FRANCE.
AMERICAN RATTAN CO., CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS, TORONTO.
TORONTO SALESROOMS—117 Yonge Street & 296 College Street.



A Few Spring-Wear Novelties

Ladies and Misses' Fawn and Drab Jackets, new style, \$7.50 each.

Ladies' Dress Skirts, in wool grenadines, serges, alpaca, satin, moire antique, silk brocade, moire poplin, ranging from \$4.50 to \$37.50 each.

Ladies' Rustling Silk Underskirts, in taffeta, fancy stripes and shot effects, frilled, mohair, foundations, from \$5 to \$10 each.

Shirt Waists—A few cases opened out to-day of the very newest styles and materials. Every fabric used in their manufacture this season is represented from cambric prints to taffeta silks, from 75c. to \$7 each.

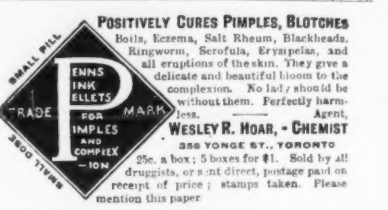
Ladies' Print Wrappers—A special lot of 50 dozen, from \$1.25 to \$3.50 each.

Ladies' Dressing Jackets, fancy printed muslin, self and embroidery trimmed, very neat and light, at \$2.25 each.

Mail orders should contain size required in all these lines.

John Catto & Son

King St., opp. the Post Office



Jeffrey's Liquid Rennet

Made from the fresh rennet of the calf. Yields with milk a delicious dessert. The lightest and most grateful diet for invalids and children. This preparation produces a firmer and smoother junket and less whey than any wine of rennet, essence of rennet or similar preparation on the market. Prepared by

ANDREW JEFFREY
Cor. Yonge and Carlton Streets

SURE CURE FOR Indigestion or Dyspepsia

Price 50c.
J. R. LEE - Chemist and Druggist
Cor. Queen and Seaton Streets and 407 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Dancing

DEPARTMENT and PHYSICAL CULTURE

Under the patronage of Their Excellencies the Gov.-General of Canada and the Countess of Aberdeen.

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING,
Room A. First Floor, West Entrance
GYNASTICS—No Dancing

A. ROY MACDONALD, JR.

Will be Here a Few More Weeks

Those desiring to take lessons should secure admission cards and see the good work and progress made by the pupils. Come early.

A. Roy Macdonald, Jr.

Graduate of Royal Schools of Ballet of Italy, Spain, France.

Rapid Business Hand-Writing...

Is a most important qualification for a young man. Good writers can always command paying positions. The best teachers of writing in Canada are at the

British American Business College
Co., Ltd.

Confederation Life Building, Toronto
EDW. TROUT, Pres. D. HOBKINS, Sec.

Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

than two years ago it seemed as if there were no independent thinkers in the political parties, but to-day we find both of the principal organizations doing a great deal of thinking and talking on their own account. When the Conservative machine took hold of the Remedial question it had all the prestige of being a government and an organization singularly successful for a great many years. The hard and fast supporters of the party were willing to swallow anything and everything to retain power, and they thought they could best do this by handing themselves over body and soul to the Quebec hierarchy. They were willing to swallow everything, little and big; to mortgage everything, present and future; to pay anything and everything, no matter how large the bill, no matter how foolish the expenditure, no matter how corrupt the bargain.

The dose was too large, and the nausea which followed caused the late Government to be overwhelmingly defeated. Behold! those who were most willing to accept all the conditions imposed upon them by the Quebec hierarchy, have had a marvelous change of heart and they see things with different eyes. The presence of a Papal delegate in Canada is to them an unmentionable horror, because he comes at the request of the Liberal politicians, though after a school settlement has been finally fixed and cannot be changed. A band of Theosophists came to this city the other night and were very nicely used, and they had a perfect right to visit our country, and many of the citizens of Toronto showed their politeness and their desire for information by being present at their lecture. This does not prove that this country is being handed over to the Theosophists. A Papal delegate comes and is loyally welcomed by his co-religionists, and he is liable to go back and tell the Pope that we are all very nice people and apt to join his church at any moment, yet that will not change the facts; and until some movement is made to show that there has been an official interference in politics by Mr. Merry Del Val, we need not lie awake nights fretting about what he is after. He cannot change the school settlement any more than he can change the routine of the seasons or make Harvest precede Spring. Absolute hostility to clerical interference was sown in this soil when the Conservatives were trying to make a perpetual educational winter in Quebec. The seed of opposition was not cast in barren ground; it grew, it ripened, and has been reaped, and His Holiness or his delegate cannot, without burning the barns, the granaries and the stacks of the church, turn back the hands on the dial. If our Quebec brethren desire to go through a little performance to let their clerical tyrants escape the political bastinado which they deserve, let them engage in the harmless amusement of entertaining Papal delegates. But let not those who were willing to sacrifice everything to the Roman Catholic Church when the Remedial Bill was proposed, stand up and lecture those who fought so bravely for civil liberty and a free ballot.

The Liberal Premier, French-Canadian and Roman Catholic as he is, has done more in a year and a half to emancipate this country from clerical domination and Papal influence, than the Conservative party did in a generation and a half. It is useless to get excited over a hippodrome or how a bear was killed; the one who killed the bear must have the honor of being victor in the conflict. It is shameful for those who ran away when the fight was on, to criticize those who stayed and fought and won. It is a political crime to try to destroy the effect of a victory for civil liberty by ridiculing the devoutness of those who won, or by imputing motives to those who are anxious, while they are victors, not to be overbearing and supercilious to the vanquished, who must be spiritually revered or the locally prevalent religion destroyed. And this is all that there is in the visit of the Pope's delegate to Canada.

Another changed phase of political opinion which cannot escape the eyes of even the most careless, is the absolute dismissal from the minds of all thoughtful Canadians of any idea that the United States is friendly towards us or at all necessary to us as a market. We have been in the attitude of the good-natured farmer who would always lend his neighbor anything that he had; was always willing to go and help him plough and reap and thresh his grain, although he never received any favors in return. When the horses and the cattle and the sheep of his saucy neighbor broke into his fields he took everything good-naturedly, and was always in hopes that Mr. Yank would "get religion," or learn manners, or find sense and apologize for his wrong-doing. We Canadians have been the good-natured farmer and we have learned that Mr. Yank is determined to have his stock pasturing on our fields, while our children and horses and cattle and sheep, and everything that we have, are absolutely forbidden to even come near his fence. The old adage tells us to "beware of the fury of a patient man," and it is to be hoped that our legislation with regard to the United States will prove that Canada's patience has been exhausted and that henceforth we intend to treat him as he has treated us.

Continuing the illustration as to the two farms, it may have been that at one time Mr. Yank's farm was better tilled than ours, that he had more to sell and could afford to buy more than we could, but now we are noticing that his farm is overrun with the weeds of a foreign population; that it has been cropped until it is barren; that the barns are empty, and that he is unable to control his own children or go to market with great loads of produce without being robbed on the return trip. We notice that when he does go to market other people often refuse to buy from him if they can get their goods anywhere else, and without delighting in his misfortune we are perfectly right in seizing upon our opportunities and capturing as much of his business as possible.

Don.
"How could you have the nerve—after hearing her—tell her that she sang divinely?"
"Why, my dear fellow, a woman who would sing like that could be told anything!"—Puck.

Society at the Capital.

THE word "function" has been used oftener in Ottawa during the last few weeks than any one in the English language, not even excepting that little monosyllable which was "hardly ever" used on H.M. good ship Planofore. The opening of Parliament, State dinner, State reception and drawing-room were all "functions," and little else was spoken of until Monseigneur Del Val arrived.

The opening of Parliament was more largely attended than it has ever been since the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne first arrived, and the *coup d'œil* of the Senate chamber was a most brilliant one. Going early to secure a good seat, we were met at the door by an awe-inspiring functionary covered with gold lace (whom a girl behind me mistook for the Governor-General), whom we afterwards found out to be the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. On discovering that we were neither the sisters, cousins nor aunts of Senators or Members, we were taken to high seats behind, where, having been humbled, we enjoyed being temporarily exalted and got a capital view of everyone on the floor. The Senators were all there, venerable-looking (with two exceptions), gray and bald, nice, gentlemanly-looking men. The judges of the Supreme Court were seated on the woolsack, clad in their scarlet gowns, with the exception of Mr. Justice Taschereau, who, having married a young girl of nineteen, was away on his honeymoon! Venerable Archdeacon Lauder read prayers, which seems rather a mistake, as after two or three minutes of violent devotional effort the women all began to look at each other's gowns. After prayers, Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen entered with her house party of ladies, everybody rising. She was gown'd rather more simply than usual, in yellow satin and brocade, the bodice trimmed with lace. With her were: Lady Gzowski, who wore a handsome costume of black *noir*; Mrs. Strathy, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Strathy, A.D.C., Montreal, and the Misses Thompson, the two charming daughters of Lady Thompson, Derwent Lodge, Toronto. At three o'clock punctually, His Excellency the Governor-General entered with a brilliant staff, including Sir Casimir Gzowski, A. D. C., and officers from the various local corps.

Her Excellency arose at the Governor-General's entrance, also everyone on the floor of the House. The galleries had no option, as there was no room to sit down. After a great deal of bowing and scraping the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was sent to bring the faithful members of the House of Commons into the presence of their Viceroys. During the interval the staff stood at attention with a virtuous look of "do or die" on their faces. His Excellency the Governor-General tried to look as if nobody was looking at him. The women on the floor criticized each other's dresses, and the crowd in the galleries imperiled their lives by leaning over to get a better view of the brilliant scene below. Soon the Commons arrived like a crowd of schoolboys out for recess, and then His Excellency read his speech, first in French and then in English, and Parliament was declared open. Then His Excellency left the throne, and being joined by Lady Aberdeen and followed by his staff proceeded out of the Senate Chamber to the rooms set aside for their use.

Madame Pelletier, wife of the Speaker of the Senate, was at home afterwards, but owing to the many engagements of the day the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen did not attend as they usually do.

Mrs. Edgar, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons, held a large and brilliant reception—too large and too brilliant, for nearly everyone on the floor of the House attended whether invited or not. Mrs. Edgar, who looked extremely well, gown'd in white with mauve trimmings, received in her handsome drawing-room, assisted by her two daughters and by Miss Van Horne of Montreal, who has been visiting her. Mrs. Edgar as Speaker's wife is most popular, and their receptions and dinners are most successful. Mr. James Edgar of Toronto came down for the opening of Parliament and remained over for the Drawing-Room.

The State dinner given on the evening of the opening of Parliament was a most brilliant affair, being attended by all the Cabinet Ministers, Judges of the Supreme Court, foreign Consuls and other officials. At its close, about ten o'clock, Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen held a large reception between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock, at which over one thousand people were present. Formerly these receptions were attended by the wives and daughters of the officials asked to the state dinner, but now their Excellencies, who are lavish in their hospitality, invite an *omnium gatherum* of men and women, who not only up as if they had not dined on that day, but as if that necessary meal had not been enjoyed for weeks. The ball-room was used as a dining-room, refreshments being served in the racquet court, and the hand playing at intervals during the evening. Among the well known Torontonians who have been taking in the festivities are: Mrs. Arthur Mowat, daughter-in-law of Sir Oliver Mowat, Mrs. Charles Ferguson, a daughter of Mr. Justice Burton, Mrs. MacMahon, wife of Mr. Justice MacMahon, Miss Harrison, Miss Mason and Miss Hodgins.

Ottawa, April 7, '97.

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Vanwart (sitting up in bed, horrified)—Reginald! what made you swear so when you stepped on that tack? Vanwart (wildly)—For a moment I thought I was cycling and had punctured my tire.—Puck.

Brobsion—Uncle Stayles is a man from whom I have expectations, you know; but I see I'm alienating him by not laughing at the right place in his stories. How am I to manage? Crain—Why, it's dead easy; get close enough to him so he can nudge you.—Puck.

He—Do you remember when we first met? The dew was on the grass, the air was full of summer scents, and— She—Yes; and now there's no summer, no dew, no grass and no sense. By the way, have you heard of my engagement?—Detroit Free Press.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Hastings of 594 Sherbourne street has been away for a fortnight visiting her mother, Mrs. Grafton, who leaves for England shortly.

Mrs. Vincent Porter of Wilcox street gave an informal tea to a congenial little party of ladies on Thursday. The guests were asked to meet Mrs. Farncombe (nee Kirkpatrick), who is in town on a visit.

Contrary to report Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra did not go south last month. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Cawthra has been ill for weeks, far too ill to leave her room, and was only out for the first time on Monday. The friends of this amiable and popular lady will be glad to hear that she is so much better. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra had intended going to England this summer, but certain family interests will keep them at home for a time.

A little pencil-written letter from the young mamma at Mordington has reached Guiseley House, and contains good reports of the baby girl and her mother. Mr. Campbell-Irton recalls the Scottish saw, that 'tis good luck to the family when the first bairn is a lassie, and the wee maid is welcomed accordingly.

Mr. Pier Delasco is to sing at one of the services at St. James' to-morrow. Palm Sunday is a bright day in the churches, the music being always a special feature.

Passion week should be the season most touching and most observed in every Christian community; even when orthodox beliefs are not entirely accepted and endorsed; the climax of the Perfect Life, which should belong to each of us as a guide and comfort, is infinitely pathetic and inspiring. Next week, Holy Week, is a time of trouble, hurry and suffering, which is apt to depress and harass the sensitive soul, but Passion Week is purely elevating and full of spirituality, ending in the adoration and welcome of the central figure of all humanity on next Sunday morning.

The first meet of the Country and Hunt Club was held last Saturday, the rendezvous being Slattery's, corner of Bloor and Dundas. I hear that an unfortunate *contretemps* was the accident to Major Harry Pellatt, who got quite a nasty tumble and was obliged to be driven home.

I am told that we are to have Mrs. Eber Ward back on a visit to Toronto next month, and that she will be again *la belle chateleine* of the big house in Carlton street, the closely veiled windows of which are such a distress to its former *habitués*. When Mrs. Ward comes to us we have a flavor of *la vie Parisienne*, a vision of daintiest costumes, a face fascinating and unique—and then she flits away, like some butterfly of the tropics, to the more balmy and congenial atmosphere of a southern climate. As for the little twin girl-babies who used to toddle around in red, hugging white toy rabbits and pitching into each other in voluble French, I suppose they have outgrown the toddling age and have other playthings than woolly white rabbits.

The Massey Hall was well filled, and in *paradis* there was not an inch of room, when Plunket Greene and his two associates in harmony appeared before a most expectant and cultured audience last Wednesday.

Rudolph Von Scarpa as soloist and accompanist was a master, and Marie Van der Veer Green, who is very popular with some musical people, was well received. The songstress wore a stunning satin gown of flame color, banded twice with ermine at the foot, and the bodice strapped with black velvet ribbon in a somewhat dashing design. Hair done in the modish *pompador* fashion, and a presence very stately, if a trifle heavy, are what one noticed as Marie V., etc., stood with her chin held high, and her keen eyes noting the quantity and quality of the audience. As to her singing, our musical editor will know all about that. Plunket Greene (whose final "e" distinctly marks the difference between his prima donna and himself) gave us a little of everything—a little smart French, a sweet and peaceful Litany in German, The Erl King, also *bien entendu* in the vernacular, and dramatic to a marvel, the last two words falling on a stillness in which one could have heard a pin drop; a little Scotch, and a good deal of English, and for a nightcap a bunch of Irish ones, with the true flavor as he so well can give it. The two encores were that rending ballad, The Sands of Dee, which so many had asked him for, and Father O'Flynn, which is the one song in which Plunket Greene gave his rare and winning Irish smile full play. This expression changes a face a trifle impassive and cold into a veritable sunburst of humor and coaxingness. Among the audience I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Jr., Mrs. Mackay and Miss Leila Mackay, Major and Mrs. Sankey, Colonel Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson, a lovely, blooming garden of girls from Haverhill Hall, with the Principal, Miss Knox; Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mr. and Miss Cameron, Mr. Cockshutt, Mrs. Harry Totten and Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. James Ince, Mr. Vickers, Mr. G. W. Yarker, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Mrs. E. Cox, Mrs. F. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. E. Strachan Cox, Miss Cox, Miss Gzowski, Mr. and Miss Scott and Miss Buck, Mr. Bunting, Miss Amy Riordan, Mrs. and Miss James, Mr. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. James D. Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mrs. James Ross, Mr. Hugo Ross, Mr. Jack Small, Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Miss Wood.

Last week the steamer St. Paul carried one of our brilliant young ladies to London in the person of Miss Mary Penfield. This talented young lady has made a name for herself through her excellent magazine writing and various short stories. Miss Penfield appeared here a few years ago at the Grand, when her very fine acting made her a favorite with Toronto audiences. During the last London season The American Girl in London was exemplified by Miss Penfield, whose beauty, wit and vivacity made her a frequent guest in the most exclusive drawing-rooms. During her visit on the

other side Miss Penfield will be the guest of Lord and Lady Reginald Somerville.

Mrs. Charlie Ferguson has returned from Ottawa, where she has been the guest of Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat.

Miss Justina Harrison returned from Ottawa this week.

Mrs. A. Goodman and her two children of San Francisco are visiting Mrs. Goodman's mother, Mrs. Lewis Samuel of 8 Wilton crescent.

Dr. Cordelia A. Greene, principal of the Castle Sanitarium, New York, is visiting her adopted daughter, Mrs. Clarke, wife of Dr. Harold Clarke. A few evenings ago an informal celebration of the thirty-second anniversary of the founding of the sanitarium was held there. Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the world's W. C. T. U., took a leading part in paying honor to the good doctor.

Many anxious thoughts traveled in the direction of the big hotel on the corner of Front and York streets last Wednesday afternoon, where Mr. John Wright lay in a condition of great peril and where he died about five o'clock. It is hard to imagine anything but sorrowful sympathy in any mind when the news of his death was made known. There was not in the country a man more universally liked and whose heart was more ready to respond to the voice of friendship. For years he was a noted figure on the cricket field, and was always an ardent follower of the roarin' game. Mr. Wright leaves a devoted wife and four fine sons to mourn his untimely end, and their sorrow is shared in by all who knew the genial, kindly man who is gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth of Montreal will spend Easter with Mrs. Duckworth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rose of Avenue road.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Davis of Chicago are visiting Mrs. Davis' mother, Mrs. S. E. Priestman of 46 Bernard avenue.

Patrons of the *musicalé* at Mrs. Phillips' this afternoon will admire the grand array of crocuses in ranks of purple, gold and white which glorify the early garden of Mrs. Christie. One always gets a glimpse of something sweet and lovely on this corner garden. Tulips will be next in order in a blaze of bloom.

I saw a remark in a daily about dingy shop windows. *Ma foi!* What are they to the grimy house windows one sees occasionally? Some persons never seem to see what a sight their parlor windows look on these bright, sunny, April days. Nothing gives better return for a little care than a house window.

Miss Maude Hendrie arrived on a visit to Mrs. John Cawthra on Wednesday. That day being the one in each month chosen by several smart hostesses for receiving, a crowd of callers were about. They came in coaches and on bicycles, and many strolled from house to house afoot. There is no quarter, perhaps, where one can visit so many in so small an area as in and about Beverley street.

A very pretty *chapeau* of transparent black, strewn with many sprays of lily-of-the-valley, was worn at the reception on Tuesday by Miss Sheridan of Isabella street. Among a lot of rather *passes* headgear this flower-crowned hat was a relief.

Mrs. Treble's receptions are also held on Monday evenings, which enables many detained at home by callers or in town by business to pay their respects to this charming bride. During April Mrs. Treble therefore receives on Mondays after four and during evening hours as well.

From Nice on Wednesday came the sad tidings of the death of Mr. Robertson, who was for a long time the guest of his sister, Mrs. Mandeville Merritt of St. Alban street. Mrs. Merritt, a devoted sister, has the hearty sympathy of hosts of friends.

On Thursday evening Mr. E. C. Jeffrey, B.A., lectured under the auspices of the Toronto Horticultural Society on the topic, How Plants Feed, and the interesting lecture was illustrated by time-light views. The lecture was given in St. George's Hall.

My amends are due to a very small lady for not writing her name correctly last week. I refer to Miss Phyllis Lawlor, whom I mentioned as Miss Lauder, in praising her wonderful dancing at Mr. Roy Macdonald's class. A "kick" was promptly forthcoming from some of her maturer friends, and I hope Miss Phyllis will forgive me.

Mr. David Erskine, Lord Aberdeen's new secretary, is the son of Colonel J. E. Erskine, Linlathin, Broughton Ferry, and bids fair to be a very popular addition to the Vice-Regal household. Mr. Erskine will have the arduous task of filling the shoes of a very finished master in the art of pleasing, as Captain Sinclair was as handsome and urbane a secretary as ever stood between Vice-Royalty and society in general.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kerr are now settled at 38 Roxborough street west, where Mrs. Kerr will be at home on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore have taken up house in the west half of the handsome semi-detached residence on the corner of Bloor and Jarvis streets.

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Social and Personal.

The Chamber Music concert on Monday was artistically a delight, and the cultured and appreciative audience was representative of Toronto's best in that respect. The imposing list of lady patronesses were all present, with one or two unavoidable exceptions, and the audience was decidedly smart in gowns as well. The extraordinary arrangements for ventilation of the hall were fully appreciated by those unfortunate enough to have been seated on the north side of the gallery, where the draught was simply appalling. Deputations of irate men interviewed the ushers without result, and the curious spectacle of rows of ladies huddled into storm-collars and cloaks caused many a glance of surprise from the other parts of the hall where persons were very comfortable. Miss Lincoln sang delightfully, with a voice of the most perfect tone, almost childlike in its sweetness and clearness, and gradually won the audience to hearty enthusiasm. Many of us felt such pleasure in listening to her bird-like notes as we do not feel in hearing the most florid and ambitious opera or concert phenomena. Miss Lincoln is big, bigger than Alboni, and she wore a satin evening gown of the most expansive tint of green. She came on like a great, bounteous spring day and sang her spring song with such rippling brightness, such an abandon of happy goodness, that I loved her for it. I am told that her friends are very fond of this large lady, and I can quite believe it. But really, did anyone ever see such a contrast as Miss Lincoln and her accompanist, or "obligatoist," Dr. Saunders, presented? The doctor is so undeniably *maigre*, and I am sure he never looked so thin as he did on Monday. We shall all be glad to welcome sweet-voiced Miss Lincoln again, should she return to Toronto.

Mrs. Treble (*nee* Massey) had a lovely April day for her first post-nuptial reception, and was the recipient of many visits and countless good wishes from her friends. The wedding party was largely represented as at the ceremony, and Mrs. Treble wore that exquisite wedding gown, which was described in these columns at the time of the marriage as quite one of the most beautiful ever turned out by a Toronto *modiste*. Euclid Hall, in all its spacious and comfortable apartments, was redolent of Dunlop's roses and all seasonable flowers, and an Italian orchestra played softly at intervals in the conservatory. Mrs. Treble, tall and willowy in her shimmering white satin robe (without its orange blossoms, *bien entendu*, for they only belong to the nuptial hour), was the incarnation of the Easter lily, and as sweet and winning as she ever has been. The marriage *bon-mot* as to "Trebling her joys and halving her sorrows," seems to have been a true prophecy of her happy married life.

On Thursday and yesterday another bride, Mrs. H. J. O'Hara, held her post-nuptial receptions at 227 Carlton street.

I am sorry not to be able to accede to the request of certain dear friends and give their churches a "write up." The Easter reports of these churches will soon be in the hands of all likely to be interested, so that I don't feel badly at having to refuse to use what is so obviously padding in these columns. Not want of good will, as I daresay they know, but only the reasons above mentioned prevent me from filling lots of Lenten vacant space in so easy a fashion.

Mr. Arthur Macdonald and his brother of Oaklands have arrived home from a short trip to Jamaica.

Mrs. Edward Jarvis of Brunswick avenue left on Monday on a visit to her girlhood home in Moncton, N.B. Mrs. Jarvis will remain east for several months.

Miss Sutherland is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Humphrey Anger. Mrs. Anger and Mrs. Magurn returned from the South last week, much benefited by their trip.

The many friends of Miss Pauline Johnson will be glad to learn that she is recovering, though slowly, from her serious illness.

Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. Elwood and daughters left on Saturday for Cleveland to visit Mrs. George Worthington. They will not return until after Easter.

Miss Jennie Gerow of Guelph is on a visit to Miss Smallpiece of Close avenue, South Parkdale.

Mrs. John Hoskin of The Dale, Rosedale, sailed this week for England.

Mrs. Douglas Armour has her sister, Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock, with her this week.

Mrs. MacMahon of Wellington place returned from Ottawa on Friday. Everyone who has been at the Capital speaks warmly of the hospitalities and good times generally enjoyed.

Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander's little son, whom she has nursed devotedly through that trying siege of scarlet fever, is happily convalescing very satisfactorily.

Lady Howland is a prominent Torontonian at present in Ottawa, being on a visit with her sister, Mrs. Hogg, who last week gave a tea in her honor. We shall have a lot of Ottawa news next week from our own correspondent, which will interest Toronto people.

Dr. C. Fred Moore of College street has been on a trip to Washington, D.C.

The reception tendered the Theosophical Crusaders on Thursday evening of last week in the Princess Theater was a spontaneous and hearty tribute of gratitude for their great effort in the service of humanity. The theater was packed with a curious audience; I have never seen quite its like in such a place. Here the smart bonnet or *coiffure* of the *mondaine*, and beside it the wiry white locks, combative and nervy in every inch, of some advanced champion of socialism or reform—some fearless old man with the fire of enthusiasm in his eye. The atmosphere was of palpitating expectancy and vibrant thought, and naturally every word spoken by the visitors was eagerly absorbed



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as it was heard. Mr. Hargrove, cultured, persuasive, just and full of magnetism, a young English gentleman devoted to his high ideals, was no doubt the speaker who best pleased the more critical. Mr. Patterson, president of an American branch, spoke at some length, and eight questions were answered, which had been written, evidently by people totally ignorant of the principles of Theosophy. Mr. Hargrove's answers to several of these questions were greeted with bursts of applause as unpremeditated and hearty as could well be. Violin solos were given by Miss Young, a modest and prepossessing young lady recently come to

Toronto, whose pretty white silk frock and graceful playing were harmonious adjuncts. Mrs. Tingley had lost her voice and could not address the audience, but has promised to return. The reception was very interesting, a generous arrangement on the part of the Toronto society, and in spite of a wager laid by an outsider, money was never once mentioned or thought of in connection therewith. "It's the very first affair of this sort, in connection with religion, at which they didn't take up a collection," said this surprised man. The boxes were occupied by guests specially invited, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. Willie Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. FitzGibbon, Miss Maud Givens, Mr. and Mrs. Depison, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Patton, Mr. Muir, Miss Miller, and pretty box-parties of young ladies in bright *demi-toilette* filled the other boxes. Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe, president of the Toronto Society, and a deputation from Beaver Society presented a silk flag of Canada to the Crusaders. This has been the custom at each of their receptions in their tour around the world, the expenses of which have been almost entirely met from their own private purses.

At Mrs. Phillips' musicale this afternoon the artists taking part are: Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mr. Rundle, Mr. Parker, Miss Gunther, Mr. Hahn and Mrs. Wilson, accompanist. The affair begins at four o'clock, and the proceeds are *pour les pauvres*. The programme is distinctly a high-class and interesting one, sure to give pleasure to a smart and cultured audience.

Mrs. Rorer's lecture next Monday at three in the Confederation Life Building will doubtless be largely attended. The week is almost barren of social events, and the Easter holidays will take a good many people out of town on Thursday evening—the usual Easter rides will be had on the various roads. On Good Friday the cyclists will settle upon the place for the annual meet for Dominion Day. London, Brantford and Chatham have strings on, and from certain quarters I hear that the last shall be first.

Another railroad has come to its senses and has agreed that a bicycle is baggage as much as a gun-case and fishing-baskets. Of course it is, and it is high time the oppressive rules about transportation of the wheel got a good upturning.

By an oversight, I mentioned the twenty-fifth of this month instead of the twenty-first as the day chosen for the embarkation of the Lieutenant-Governor for Canada. That we shall see him four days sooner is just so quiet the better. Many a good wish and much prayer goes up for gentle waves and fair winds while Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are on their homeward journey.

Mrs. and Miss Seymour have taken rooms at 40 Cecil street, in that comfortable pension where Captain and Mrs. Forester established themselves some months ago.

Mrs. and Miss Malloch of Hamilton came down for the Speaker's reception and were very welcome. Lots of nice little compliments have come to me from Ottawa about pretty Miss Malloch, who is a charming girl in her second season in society.

A society woman has been protesting to me against the usurpation of the dignity of hostess by young girls whose mothers are very capable of sustaining the burden and heat of the evening or afternoon festivities given under their chaperonage. Sometimes the mother is too willing to shift the care and trouble on strong and bright young daughters, but the older section of society never approves of it. So long as the mother can hold up a head, wag a tongue or shake a hand, she and she only should be named hostess in her own house. This is a true saying and should be accepted, and then I should not be harangued by elderly ladies about it.



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At the House of the Scarlet Witch

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By ...
MAX
PEMBERTON

PART II.

This seemed a very simple resolution in theory; but when the Abbe entered the dark woods of St. Cloud after his conversation with the three jesters in the masks, the practice of it began to be difficult. He remembered that the last time he had been to Paris, they had led him such a life in the great house that he had been truly thankful to get back to his little hamlet and to his own poor people. He had just a lurking suspicion that his authority might be laughed at again. Besides, he was not in Paris yet; and there before him lay the dark woods against which the three strangers had warned him.

"Bah," said he, as he quitted the highroad and plunged into the darkness of the silent thicket, "strange sights and sounds, indeed. Am I a child to be frightened by old women's tales? Never let it be said. Thank God, there is a ducking-stool still for witches; and I shall know where to complain if I am molested. We must be in Paris before midnight—that is certain."

The reflection comforted him. It was very dark in the woods, and so silent that the sound of distant church bells or the barking of dogs sounded like voices from a far-off world. The sun had sunk below the rim of the western hills now, and only a deep blue-gray light, blending with pink at the peaks of the clouds, marked the lingering day. In the thickets themselves the mystery and spell of the night was already omnipotent. The Abbe could not put off a certain dread and foreboding. His two servants did not attempt any such task. They told each other, consolingly, that they would be dead men before morning; and so they rode hand in hand, each devoutly hoping that the other would be the victim of the night, and that the Abbe, their master, would precede them to the grave. No superstition was too gross for them to believe. They swallowed every goblin, and witch, and demon dwarf that tradition had named for a hundred years or more. There was not a ghost in all France that they would not have staked their life upon. And here at St. Cloud—where every village had told them of the scarlet witch who rode upon the wings of the wind when the sun had set and the elves were abroad in the forest—what miracle, they asked, could save them from the perils of an encounter with her.

"I have heard it said," muttered Francois to Jean, as they drove their stubborn asses still deeper into the woods; "I have heard it said that you have but to look upon the woman to be forever blind."

Jean groaned.

"God grant that our master sees her first," said he.

"And, worse than that," said the valet, "if you are young and good-looking, she will kiss you upon the forehead, and then you are branded like one who has been sent to the galleys."

Jean sighed.

"Saint Denis," said he, "I knew how it would be. We shall die here, comrade—and for what? Because we follow our master. Is that our duty? I tell you he is no longer himself. Did you hear how you fellows called him? Be sure of it—they have bewitched him already. I am ready to die for the Abbe of Yvette; but a plague upon me if I ride another league for the Lord Bishop of Blois."

He stopped his ass with the word, and Francois, the valet, made haste to imitate him. They were at this moment in a glade so deeply bordered by chestnut trees that you could scarce see a patch of gray sky above. The moss beneath their feet was soft and yielding, and the asses sunk in it almost to the hocks. The figure of the Abbe was scarce to be discerned, although but twenty paces before them. It was a gloomy spot—dark, threatening, lonely. A stag, which leaped up at their coming, set the hearts of the cowardly pair beating like pumps. And just at the supreme moment of their alarm, what should they see in the hollow but a great flash of crimson light which lit up the brake about them until every twig seemed to have been dipped in blood, every tree trunk to be a scarlet phantom conjured up by the ghostly flames. Twice the light flashed, livid, smoking, terrible—then darkness fell; and from the wood there came a scream of many voices raised in an awful wail like the wail of departed spirits or of men in their agony.

At the first flashing of the fire, the Abbe's pony stood quite still, shivering with fear. Nor was his master in any better plight.

"Francois," roared he; "Jean, do you not hear me? God help us all—what a thing to see!"

But Francois and Jean heard nothing. They were even then on their way back to Yvette, at all the speed of which asses are capable. Long the Abbe called them, in language the Church might not have approved, but which the occasion and the Abbe's fear demanded. When he found at last that he was alone, beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and it seemed that a hundred spirits were mocking him in the wood.

"Oh!" groaned he, "what do I see? Where am I? Who is it that follows me? That I should have left my home to have come to such a place! Heaven help me or I am surely lost."

He beat his pony the more in his fear, and driving the unwilling beast through the thicket only by a generous application of his cudgel, he came out at last upon a sward over which great trees cast shadows of fantastic shape. The spot was desolate enough for anything; but it was lighter than the copse he had just quitted, and the stars, shining brightly in the gray heavens above, seemed to send down a message of courage.

"Come," said the Abbe to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead and began to take heart a little, "why do I fear when I have but ten crowns in my pocket? Who would harm the Curé of Yvette? Not the footpads of Saint Cloud, I am sure. And I

do not believe in spirits—certainly they are for hags' tales. What I saw was the fire of some charcoal-burner. No doubt that was it. My men will come up presently and we will all go on together. I could laugh to remember what a figure I cut."

He did laugh at the remembrance, but it was a poor attempt—hollow and mocking, like the thought which bred it. And he began now to be very anxious for the company of his servants, bidding them come forth from the thicket where he believed them still to lie.

"Francois, Jean!" he bawled, "it is I, your master, who calls you. What do you fear, knaves? Am I not here to protect you? Oh, surely I will lay my cudgel upon your backs tomorrow."

To his amazement, neither Jean nor Francois answered his appeal; but in the wood behind him there arose again the eerie wail, and now it was long-sustained and piercing, like the wail of witches upon the wing.

"Hail to the Lord Bishop of Blois!" was the cry; "hail! hail! Whither he goes, there go we—lolalla—lolalla—lolalla!"

The echo fell from wood to wood and grove to grove until it died away in moaning sighs afar, at the heart of the forest. When the last note was stilled, the Abbe heard a voice, sweet and fresh and young, crying:

"What shall be done to the Lord Bishop of Blois?"

And from the woods the answer came: "He must suffer, he must suffer—lolalla—lolalla—lolalla!"

A loud peal of laughter followed the words, and while the laughter rang, the thicket was lit again with the flaming crimson light. The Abbe's heart threatened to stand still when he saw, grouped there upon the green, the strangest company he had ever beheld in all his life. Dressed in scarlet, some like devils, some like dwarfs, some like hideous creatures with horns protruding from their brows, the throng appeared to be led by a woman whose sugar-loaf cap and sweeping crimson skirts answered in all things to the popular picture of a witch. When the Abbe beheld her she rode upon a great, black horse, but those around her were mounted upon white ponies, and the whole company, galloping out of the woods presently, surrounded the trembling ecclesiastic and roared until the very woods rang as with demon voices:

"Long live the Lord Bishop of Blois—lolalla—lolalla!"

It was a strange scene; the torches, which many of the masqueraders had now lighted, casting a livid glow upon the scarlet dresses and masks and whitened faces of the dwarfs and demons and horrid monsters who now flocked about the amazed Curé of Yvette. He, on his part, knew not whether the whole were a hideous dream or the perpetration of some masquerade, of which he was to be the victim. Possibly, deep down in his mind there was borne the question—*are these human things or spiritual?* Even the learned were gross in superstition in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the excellent Abbe was no wiser than other men—perhaps even a little more prone to believe in omens and the unseen than the common citizen. No wonder if the terror of the wood and the dark of the night and the horrid yells of the horned and hoofed company which now swarmed about him, contributed to his bewilderment. A hundred possibilities occurred to him while the cries were still ringing in his ears. He had heard of the terrible jests which courtly masqueraders had perpetrated on those who were obnoxious to them. Could he have given offence in high places—or was it true, after all, that the woods of St. Cloud were peopled by spirits and elves and witches, and that he had fallen into their power? He said he would believe no such tale, and with this resolution to nerve him, he turned of a sudden upon the horde who pressed about him and began to argue with them.

"Sirs," said he, "I have heard much talk of the Lord Bishop of Blois, and I see plainly that you mistake me for him. Know, then, that I am but a simple priest, the Curé of Yvette, sirs, and that I ride to Paris upon an affair of very great importance."

He spoke the words very slowly, but, to his astonishment, no one gave any answer. All together, witches, dwarfs and demons, they began to repeat his explanation in a sort of monotone, the key of which changed note by note until it rose to a discordant and unearthly shriek.

"Sirs," cried they, "we have heard much talk of the Lord Bishop of Blois and we see plainly that you mistake us for him. Know then that we are but simple priests, the Cures of Yvette, and that we ride to Paris upon an affair of very great importance."

The Abbe, deafened by the clamor, put his fingers into his ears and began to shiver with fear.

"Ciel," he murmured, "you are all mad."

"Ciel," repeated the scarlet company, "we are all mad."

The sally was roared rather than intoned; and at the end of it, the whole company bent low in their saddles, the men doffing their hats to the terrified Abbe, the women blowing kisses to him. Then the scarlet woman, who appeared to be the mistress of the throng, raised her fresh young voice and asked again:

"What must be done to the Lord Bishop of Blois?"

And for the second time the answer came: "He must suffer—he must suffer—lolalla—lolalla—lolalla!"

The Abbe was really frightened now. The wailing melancholy of the chant; the hideous shapes of the men who rode at his side; the strange, distorted, whitened faces seemed to him to resemble nothing human, nothing known. Minute by minute the conviction crept upon him that here was the scarlet witch of whom the common people spoke in their folk-tales. The more he said to himself, "It is a jest, the farther was his mind from accepting that assurance. He shuddered when

he remembered that he was alone with jesters so terrible.

"Oh," he moaned at last, "What do you want with me? What would you do with me?"

"Oh," echoed the crowd with stentorian voice, "what do you want with us? What would you do with us?"

"Sirs," wailed the Abbe, "for pity's sake have done with it and take me where you will. I have but ten crowns upon me, and these you shall find in my pouch. Get them, I pray you, and permit me to go in peace."

A mocking peal of laughter attended this simple confession.

"What shall be done with the ten crowns of the Lord Bishop of Blois?" asked a great, horned goblin who rode upon the smallest of the small white ponies.

The girl with the crimson hat answered:

"He shall buy a supper at the House of the Scarlet Witch."

The command moved the company to frenzies of turbulent delight. Before the wretched victim could protest or answer, strong hands had clutched his bridle rein to lead his pony through the woods; other hands had clapped a bandage to his eyes, and knotted it so tightly behind his ears that the whole of the strange vision of grotesque and grinning figures was shut instantly from his view. He knew only that his pony was carrying him rapidly through the forest; that the air became fresher as he mounted to the higher places of the Park; that he was led it might have been for the space of ten minutes before his beast was stopped and he was lifted gently to the ground. Never once, however, while the procession moved, did the throng cease their unearthly monotone. The chant rose ever like a voice of the night—the wail of spirits wandering or of phantoms at their pleasures. When it stopped at last with a sudden crash, the Abbe's pony stopped too.

A strong arm encircled his waist; he was lifted from the saddle and bidden to walk; he knew that he was entering some room in a house—a gentle hand forced him into a seat, it removed his bandage; he could see again.

By this time the unhappy man was incapable of surprise. The scene in the wood had robbed him of all power of reason. When they stripped him of his bandage and he was able to look about him, he neither spoke nor wondered. Yet the spectacle was strange enough to have amazed a bolder man. For the Abbe sat then in a room draped in scarlet; and more than that, he sat in a high chair before a long table lit pleasantly by the soft light of many wax candles, and so weighed down with plate and exquisite cut glass that the scarlet drapery below was hardly to be seen. As for the company, that also was a scarlet company—devils, demons, witches; their whitened faces now hidden by crimson masks, their very hair appearing to be of the brightest red. Even the walls were draped in the same glowing colors, while the attendants, some in hideous masks, some garbed like scarlet elves, capped the scheme fittingly. Yet this was the curious thing—no word was spoken, no greeting given. The company sat like mutes. The Abbe shuddered again; he could not altogether suppress the thought that he might be supping with the risen dead.

Such a haunting suggestion was quick to pass, though a grim foreboding pursued him while he asked himself: "Where will it end? What did they mean when they called me the Lord Bishop of Blois and said that I must suffer?" He, good man that he was, and there was none better in France, was like other men in possessing a healthy appetite. The groaning table put some heart into him. "I have ridden far and a well-boiled capon, with a cup of Burgundy, will not come amiss to me," he thought. And so for the first time since he entered the terrible wood he permitted himself to hope. "They will let me ride on when supper is done," he assured himself, "and I shall be in Paris, after all, by the last day of the month. It would never do to be delayed over tomorrow, for the king returns to Paris then, and Corinne will see him and cheat me once more. Certainly, I must be in Paris tomorrow. Meanwhile, I will see what sort of a supper it is, for I am very hungry."

One of the servants had set a plate before him now, a plate upon which was a little silver dish exquisitely garnished and served. So tempting did the morsel look that the good Abbe hastened to plunge his fork into it, but at the first mouthful he made an ugly grimace and was unable to withhold an exclamation. "Ciel," cried he, "that is nothing but bread crumbs."

He looked around the table appealingly, but no one in the masked company vouchsafed to him an answer. All were busy upon similar dishes, of which they appeared to partake with exceeding relish. Indeed, they had finished their portions before the Abbe had recovered from his astonishment; and while he was still looking at them, a lackey, dressed in crimson, carried in a dish, upon which was a smoking fish of great size, and began to serve slices of it—to the Abbe first, and afterward to the other suppers. At the same moment another attendant filled the Abbe's glass—a magnificent glass of the rarest Venetian work—with wine from a crystal goblet, and then did a similar service for the rest of the company. The action reassured the hungry Curé. For the second time he plunged a ready fork into the dish before him. "Fish is fish," he said to himself, while he smacked his lips in famished anticipation. The assurance scarce had comforted him when he broke out with a word which was neither ecclesiastical nor abbotical:

"Nom du diable," he exclaimed, "but this is bread too."

How it came to be, in what manner the cheat had been contrived, the Abbe knew no more than the dead. Yet there was the fish right enough, and a second mouthful convinced him that it was made of nothing but bread.

"St. John," cried he, sitting back in his chair, "who ever heard of that—a fish made of bread crumbs; and everyone eating of it as though it were a mullet from the king's table. Body of St. Paul—they are all mad."

Mad or sane, the scarlet company appeared to enjoy the fish very much. Their heads bent over their plates; the suppers varied their occupation of eating only by the equally pleasant one of taking long draughts from the crystal goblets before them. They did not appear so much as to notice that the Abbe

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was appealing to them. His words, his exclamations, his questions fell alike upon deaf ears. Not a man listened to him, not a woman raised her eyes to watch him. Nor did his anger, which presently succeeded to his hunger, help him at all. That, too, was absolutely unobserved. Had he roared like a bull, the masked company would have remained oblivious of his presence.

"Ho! ho!" said he at last, while he leant back in his chair and raised the goblet in his hand, "a plague upon the table which sets bread crumbs before a hungry man!"

He put the goblet to his lips and took a long draught from it. The wine, he had said, would at any rate wash the tasteless bread from his mouth—and so he held the cup long. When at length he put it down, there was upon his face the most unclerical grimace that had ever sat there.

"Maledetto," cried he, "but that is water." (To be concluded next week.)

The Value of a Dollar.

"If you can demonstrate to me that you can actually relieve distress with a dollar, I will give you what you want."

A rich cynic thus answered a woman who had come to him for aid to help the poor of their city. He hoped to silence her and send her away.

"Will you come with me?" said the woman, challenged in this novel manner.

The man consented, and the New York Times relates the outcome.

In a few minutes the two entered an unsightly tenement. The lady, who knew her ground, led the man up two flights of stairs into a cheerless room. The floor and walls were absolutely barren. The only piece of furniture, besides the bed, a chair and a dilapidated table, was a small stove, in which a scant fire was burning.

There was a middle-aged man in the room with two children, each poorly and thinly clad. The few dishes were empty. Destitution could hardly be more complete. The woman, accustomed to such pathetic sights, soon learned what was most needed, and from long experience, she knew just what to purchase.

"Please wait," she said to the rich man, "while I run around to the store."

Full of compassion for this mute suffering, the gentleman waited. In a quarter of an hour a large grocer's basket, filled to the brim, was brought into the room. Soon the little stove threw out comforting heat, and the odor of food gave grateful cheer.

"Do you think this charity well bestowed?" asked the woman, as they left.

"Indeed, I do," came the answer, with a suspicious tremor in the voice.

"Well, here is the list." He took it and read. We quote it word for word:

25 pounds coal	20
2 bar dles kindling	55
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Without hesitation the man of money took a dollar bill and handed it to the good woman, and the next day she received his check for a thousand like it.

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"Yes," assented the younger one. "But where do we come in?"

"Oh," answered Bill. "You're only shareholders. You looks on and spits."

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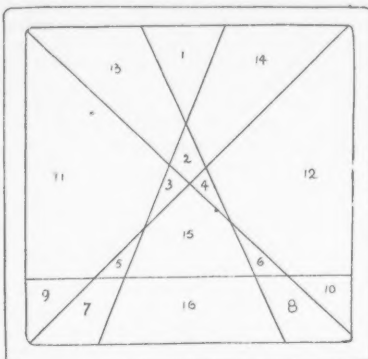
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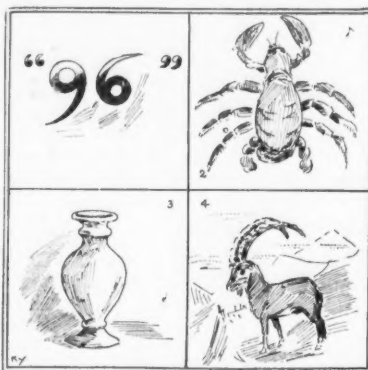
QUEER CORNER

Here is the solution of the Baker's Puzzle: How to cut a square cake into sixteen pieces with five straight cuts of a knife. Several



correct answers were received, although the exact direction of the lines varied somewhat. The first correct solution to reach the editor was from Helen Verral of Queen Victoria School, Toronto.

This week's puzzle is an illustrated square, the names of the objects represented, taken in regular order, forming a square of four words, the words reading both across and down.



WHERE WILL HE STOP?

An interesting item of sporting news has been flashed around the world by wire, to the effect that William Ewart Gladstone is learning to ride the bicycle. He was eighty-seven years of age on his last birthday, and, although still an active chopper-down of trees, was not thought quite enterprising and energetic enough to begin bicycling at his time of life. A poet in the *Register*, Capetown, South Africa, asks when and where will he stop? I quote two of a dozen guesses as to what he has in view:

Will he, d'ye think, for a license apply.
And then when the championships come,
At all of the distances up from a mile
Weigh in and make everything hum?
When foreigners crowd to old England, intent
On clearing the board once again,
Will Gladstone the cyclist, then come to the front,
The Briton's prestige to maintain?
Or will he, next time an election arrives,
Just challenge Lord Salisbury to race—
By this means avoiding the bother and fuss—
For possession of honor and place?
And will he allow for the Marquis' weight,
In his usually chivalrous style,
By conceding his bulky opponent a start
Of a furlong, or so, in the mile?

A FAMOUS STRIKE.

The strike of the Leadville miners, which has been ended by the miners themselves, after lasting nine months, was a very luxurious strike indeed. It cost the miners an unknown, but large, sum in lost wages, or the difference between the contributions to their support made by other labor organizations and what those wages would have amounted to. It cost those labor organizations heavily to make those contributions. It is said to have cost the State of Colorado \$4,000,000 to preserve, or try to preserve, order at the mines. It cost the lives of twelve persons, killed in riots. But it was a famous strike.

AFLOAT A CENTURY.

A vessel one hundred and twenty-four years old recently arrived at Kiel through the North Sea and the Baltic Canal, and seems to prove that the good old times of wooden shipbuilding are not without proper justification. The *Kieler Zeitung* mentions the arrival at that port of the Danish sailing vessel, *De Tre Sostere*, hailing from Aereskjoberg with a cargo of linseed cakes. This boat was constructed in 1772, at Rudkjoberg, but is still perfectly seaworthy, does not leak in the least, and is easily navigated.

FATAL FIFTY-SIX.

Fifty-six years seems to be a fatal age to people of genius and the great ones of the earth. Among those who have died at that age may be mentioned Dante, the Italian poet; Hugh Capet, King of France; Henry III., King of England; Henry IV., German Emperor; Paganini, the violinist; Alexander Pope, the poet; George Sale, the orientalist; Marcus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome; Frederick I., King of Prussia; Maria Louisa, Empress of France; Robert Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive; the elder Pliny; Julius Caesar; Charles Kingsley; Van Tromp, Dutch admiral; Abraham Lincoln; Marryatt, the novelist; Frederick II., German Emperor, and a long list of others.

A GREAT AGE.

The oldest person in Toronto is, no doubt, Mrs. Deborah Brown of 601 Markham street, who is aged 110 years. She is still active, lives alone and does her own housework and attends church.

ENGLAND'S CORNER IN CABLES.

There are more than 1,300 submarine cables in the world, and the aggregate length amounts to 162,000 nautical miles. Half are less than five miles long, and eight exceed 2,000 miles. They represent a total expenditure of £10,000,000, about 75 per cent. of which is English capital. A fleet of forty-one ships is required to keep them in order.

SHAKESPEARE'S MISTAKES.

Shakespeare made some great blunders in his time. Though universally believed to know all things, he has in quite a number of instances

Cause and Effect.



"ave yer 'eard Bill's landed for three years 'ard?"

"What for?"

"Sneezein'."

"Wot yer givin' us? Sneezein'!"

"Well, 'e was crackin' a crib, an' 'e snooze an' woke the bloke up."

—Pick-Me-Up.

made mistakes in details. He introduced cannon into a period 150 years before cannon were invented. He speaks of printing done in the time of Henry II.; of clocks in the time of Julius Caesar. Hector quotes Aristotle, and Coriolanus refers to Alexander. A billiard table is introduced into Cleopatra's palace; Bohemia has a sea coast, and Delphos is made out to be an island.

STATUES OF GLASS.

A company of glassworkers have recently discovered that ordinary plate-glass will make a more durable monument than the hardest marble or granite, for glass is practically indestructible. Wind, rain, heat, or cold will eventually crumble the hardest rock, and one can seldom read the inscription on a gravestone fifty years old, but a glass monument will look as fresh after the lapse of centuries as on the day of its erection, and the inscription can be made ineffaceable. The thick plate-glass used to glaze the portholes of steamers will resist the stormiest sea, and is practically unbreakable.

POINTS.

Icebergs sometimes last for two hundred years.
It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks up from the earth about one hundred and twenty-three tons of water.

The Death of Cupid.

Mussey's.
A sound like the rumble of distant thunder,
Or the swelling tide of a stormy sea;
Lo, woman had risen and sworn to be free!
Free from oppression and free from evil;
From moose-grown custom and man made law;
And the stars looked down on a strange upheaval,
And the moon grew pallid with sights she saw.
The voice of woman swelled louder and bolder;
Like a turbulent river through space it ran.
From the sweet sex bondage to which God sold her,
In the very first covenant made with man,
She rose, and shattered each time worn fetter,
And flung them behind her. "Now all shall see,"
She cried, "how the world will be purer and better,
And life will be broader because of me!"
She shone like a strange star newly risen;
Mankind, astounded, stood still to gaze;
But she shunned, as a freed man shuns a prison,
The home, and old time habits and ways.
She looked on romance as a fairy story.
She flung off the garments that gave her grace;
She outstripped men on the road to glory.
And pushed them back in the market place.
She cries, from the summit of great achievement,
"Behold the truth of the things I said!"
And she seems not to know of her own bereavement,
And the whole world's loss—for Love is dead.
Battered and bruised in the market places,
He fled to the home from whence she passed;
And there, with his lips pressed close to her laces
And cast off garments, Love breathed his last.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A Moral Bully.

N. Y. Truth.

WHEN little Silas Bostick rose one fine summer morning, he walked through his well-tended garden and smiled almost gleefully. He rubbed his palms together from time to time and murmured, "Dear me! Well, well!" A person who did not know him might imagine he was rejoicing because his cabbages were thriving, or because some great good fortune had recently come to him. But that was not the case. The fact is, that on the previous night a horse belonging to his new neighbor, Mr. Slambang, had broken into the little garden, trampled through the cabbage-bed, rolled on the onion-bed, and torn the grapevine from its trellis. The damage was not great, but it was of the annoying sort that would have sent a citizen of ordinary emotions on a profane mission to the home of Slambang. But Mr. Bostick didn't swear. That was not his way. He repaired the damage as best he could, still looking happy and contented. His round, smooth face usually wore a spiritual smile, and when he liked he could add to it an expression of exasperating goodness. On the morning in question the look of goodness was there.

While repairing his garden, Mr. Bostick was thinking very hard. He was trying to think of some way in which to heap coals of fire on the head of Slambang. In his youth he

had been taught that a man should never be violent, but that he should heap coals of fire on the heads of his enemies. The good people who taught him this noble principle had no idea of its possibilities as a vehicle of revenge. They did not know how galling it can be made. Years of practice had made Mr. Bostick expert in handling the hottest and most lasting kind of coals. In fact, there was no one living within miles of the good little man who wouldn't rather injure the local bully and get well thrashed for it than do the most trifling wrong to Mr. Bostick. And it was easy to get him started. It often happened that people did not know they had injured him until he came smirking around to do them a kindness. No pugnacious Hibernian ever trailed his coat-tails in the dust hoping to have them trodden upon so industriously as he did. On this occasion he was unusually happy in finding himself wronged, for his victim was to be a new man. As he finished repairing his garden he assumed his kindest air and trudged over to visit his offending neighbor.

Now Slambang was a man of about the opposite character to Bostick. He was tall and angular—his chief angles being his knees, his nose and his Adam's apple—and his path through life had not been smooth. He had wrestled with mortgages in half a dozen States, and had been thrown every time. When he moved into the little New England village, where Mr. Bostick prosecuted his pious revenges, his temper was quick and his conduct in keeping with it. When Mr. Bostick hailed him with a cheery "Good morning, neighbor Slambang," he was in the act of sucking his thumb after having hit it with a hammer while nailing a loose board on his stable door.

"Good morning!" he responded, as cheerfully as he could in the circumstances.
"It occurred to me that you must be very busy with your moving, so I thought I would come over to see if I could help you in any way. I have nothing in particular to do this forenoon."

"That is main kind of you."
"My name is Bostick, and I live over there," he said, pointing toward his house.

Slambang looked at him for a moment and dropped his hammer. He then walked up to the little man and towering over him, snarled aggressively:

"So you are one of that kind, are you?"
"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Bostick, "I don't understand you."
"My horse broke into your garden last night, didn't he?"

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Mr. Bostick backed away uneasily and replied with his sweetest smile, "O, yes, but such things are liable to happen to anyone. He didn't do much damage."
"You lie," roared Slambang. "I went over there and got him, and I know how much harm he did. I was going over just now to offer to pay you for what he done if you hadn't been so all-fired quick."
"Really, you misunderstand me."
"No I don't! You have come over here to heap coals of fire on my head, and I want you to understand that the man who tries to heap coals of fire on Jonas Slambang's head is going to get his finger burned."
"Really, I—"
"Shut up, you driveling little hypocrite! Now go home and send me a bill for the damage my horse done."

"I couldn't think of doing such an unneighborly thing," said Mr. Bostick, with a smirk.
"You couldn't, eh! Then get off my lot," and he helped Mr. Bostick with a kick that joggled his vertebrae and tumbled him in a heap in the roadside ditch.

That evening Jonas Slambang was sitting on the front steps of his house, waiting to be arrested for assault and battery, when a delegation of villagers came trooping through his front gate.

After cautious greetings had been exchanged, the spokesman of the party said:

"Mr. Slambang, we have all heard of how you used Silas Bostick this morning, and we have come in a body to express our thanks. That measly little skunk has simply terrorized this village with his deeds of kindness for the last twenty years, because no one in the community had the moral courage to give him the larruping he deserved. You have set us a noble example that we won't be slow to follow, and we want to assure you that on the first opportunity we are going to elect you Mayor."

Slambang brought out a bottle of whisky, passed it around, and the fall of Mr. Bostick became an assured fact. The spell of his all-pervading goodness was at last broken, and his neighbors were able to live without having the fear of his blistering kindness hanging over them.
P. MCARTHUR.

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—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

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JOHN E. HENSHAW, supported by Frank David, May Ten Broeck and a capable company are presenting one of the best entertainments of the season at the Toronto Opera House this week. It seems that Mr. Henshaw (Mr. Henshaw) went to New York and attended a French ball, where he made himself very agreeable to a masked lady, supposed by him to be the sister of a friend. He met Mr. Sampson Burr, a business man, with whom he had some dealings, and playfully introduced the lady as his wife. When they unmasked, the lady was not his friend's sister, but "quite another person." He was seen by his housemaid's beau, (a waiter), by his sister-in-law's beau and by Mr. Burr. His efforts to keep from his wife a knowledge of his little adventure at the French ball make up the story of this musical comedy. It seems to me that a married man in real life would, in such a case, get ahead of his accusers by explaining matters to his wife in the light most favorable to himself, but of course if Mr. Dodge had done so there would have been no musical comedy. From this point of view, then, he did the right thing.

Henshaw is, I think, new to Toronto. At all events he has not been here for years, if at all. He and Frank David make a good pair. When they sit down on a trunk and burlesque negro minstrelsy they make a decided hit. Clara Lavine and William Blaisdell also do a nice bit of tragedy burlesque when they pretend to rehearse their parts in a play that Mrs. Dodge is getting up. There is nothing more amusing than clever burlesques of well known plays, and it is surprising that we do not see more of it. There are some who consider Thrilly a better entertainment than Thrilly, which it burlesques. Those who remember The Merry World will recall how very funny it was in this respect, and there was nothing merrier in Robert Gaylor's performance at the Toronto Opera House last year than his burlesques of melodrama.

There are several good songs in the programme at the Toronto this week. Mr. Henshaw sings two or three good ones, and others are given by the company. Some of the airs are quite catchy.

The St. Thomas Journal publishes a paper read by Rev. Prof. Warner of that town before the St. Thomas Ministerial Association. In the essay he says:

I have no quarrel with the drama as literature. The Book of Job and the Songs of Solomon are dramas. Milton's Comus is a drama, and indeed there is a large dramatic element in his Paradise Lost. But the drama is quite a different thing from the theater, and it is the theater I am appointed to discuss. The weakness of Rev. Prof. Warner's position, however, and that of any other clergyman who takes up the subject, is, that when they are "appointed to discuss" the theater they know precisely what is expected of them, and they do not disappoint expectation. They put up as strong a case as possible against the theater. To quote again:

The theater has been denounced by many of earth's wisest, purest and best, and also by theater people themselves. The American Congress, shortly after the Revolution, condemned it. An investigating committee of the British Parliament reported that the only way to reform the theater was to burn it down. Macaulay said, "The theater is the seminary of vice." Wilberforce, Spurgeon, Dr. Cuyler, Joseph Cook, Bishop Vincent and Beecher, have all strongly condemned it. Beecher, noted for his liberal views, nevertheless said, "If you would put yourself irrevocably against the spirit of virtue and religion go to the theaters." Macready, the great actor, said, "None of my children will ever with my consent enter a theater." Mr. Palmer, the Madison Square manager, says, "The bulk of the performances on the stage are degrading and pernicious." But it may be asked ought there not to be a discrimination made and not condemn all theaters because some are especially bad. The theater is an institution and he who patronizes it when Hamlet or Uncle Tom's Cabin is played is equally a patron with him who goes to see Mazeppa, Led Astray, or some of the still more vicious French plays. People will not discriminate, and therefore the influence of any theater-goer is favorable to an institution that on the whole is more harmful than helpful.

If all theaters and all plays are to be condemned because some theaters are low and some plays low, are we also to condemn all churches and all creeds because polygamy and free love are preached in some churches and heathen creeds are taught in great temples? If the theater is "an institution that on the whole is more harmful than helpful," is it really to be wondered at when Rev. Prof. Warner and a great many other clergymen are forever preaching against the theater and urging good people to stay away? While good

people are thus being actively canvassed to withdraw from the theater, those who are not under church influence are not so importuned, and so the moral average of an audience is not what it might be if those of most delicate conscience were not being constantly nagged at to withdraw an influence bound to be beneficial to the theater. After twenty-five hundred years the theater cannot be overturned by a sermon or a lecture, and it cannot be reformed by handing it over indubitably to those who have no desire to reform it. The church seems to be simply in this position: It is handing over to Satan one of the most fascinating means of honest amusement ever devised, and in lieu of the theater offers the gay-hearted youth and beauty of the church the fascinations of "Button, button, who's got the button," or an evening of Casablanca, Curfew Shall not Ring To-Night, or cantatas as devoid of musical merit as they are of dramatic construction and skilful interpretation. I am not a preacher, but I would like to point out that the theater is not a whit more unpromising as an instrument for good than was that man Saul of Tarsus, who persecuted the Saints, and might very well have been antagonized and condemned for his past offences rather than seized upon and made use of because of his great capacity for doing good when rightly guided in the use of his rare intellect and wonderful energies. In any other war than this spiritual one it is thought good tactics to capture the cannon of the enemy, to storm and occupy their forts, yet in this war of such stupendous consequences the clergymen refuse to capture the enemy's guns or to reply gun for gun. It is very peculiar generalship.

As regards Macready's remark that he never wished to see a child of his enter a theater, I think he is incorrectly reported. I think he said that he never would consent that a child of his should go upon the stage. There were many reasons why Macready made such a remark. I have heard doctors say, "No son of mine shall ever practice medicine," and men in a dozen lines of business have spoken in the same vein. Perhaps it would not be hard to produce instances where clergymen, misjudged in matters wherein they meant well, unthanked for painful sacrifices made by them, have said, "No son of mine shall enter the ministry."

According to the latest London dramatic papers, Miss Ellen Terry has returned to the Metropolis after a sojourn at Margate and other pleasant resorts, quite recovered in "health and cheerfulness." Sir Henry Irving announces, in agreement with this condition of Miss Terry's health, that Sardou and Moreau's play, Mme. Sans-Gene, will have an early production. According to Irving's contract with Sardou, the piece has to be put on at the Lyceum before May 1.

I know that there are gallery-goers who contend that if the people who like the play applaud it, the people who dislike it should in justice show, by expressing their dissatisfaction, that the approval is not unanimous, writes G. B. S. in the Saturday Review. They might as well contend that if a gentleman who admires a lady tells her that she has pretty hands, any bystander who does not admire her should immediately in justice tell her that she has a red nose, or that because foolish admirers of actresses throw bouquets to them, those who think the compliment undeserved should throw bad eggs and dead cats. What right have they to behave in such a way? They don't do it at concerts; they don't do it in church; even in International Socialist Congresses, and in the House of Commons, both notoriously disorderly places, such scenes are the exception and not the rule.

Digby Bell was a favorite when he used to come here in comic opera, and now he bids fair to be even more popular as a comedian. This is where he really belongs. A couple of seasons in comic opera usually satisfy the longings of a comedian in that direction and cause him to return, chastened in spirit, to his true sphere. The mischief of it is that in comic opera a man is expected to be a good singer. This is absurd and unfair, because several comic opera men could be named who make popular successes without ever having had a voice that a dumb man would covet. Digby Bell used to sing well. I haven't heard him lately, but although I write this before the curtain rises at the Grand on Wednesday night, I am sure we shall be glad that he has returned to comedy and left comic opera lamenting. His work in his present production has been highly praised in New York—which, however, experience tells me, is not, on the whole, a good sign—and in other places possessing better taste and less obliging critics, and so A Midnight Bell is worth looking after by those who enjoy a good thing.

The bells are ringing merrily. We have Digby Bell in A Midnight Bell at the Grand, and for the last three nights of next week the attraction will be Eight Bells.

One night, while De Wolf Hopper was playing an engagement at Palmer's theater, one of the hangings caught fire and the flames flickered into the scenery. In a moment the audience was all excitement. The curtain was rung down, but as the people could not see, they were more frightened than ever. A panic seemed unavoidable, when Hopper ran out and shouted: "There is absolutely no danger, I assure you. You all know that I am dead stuck on myself, and if there was any danger of my getting singed even, I'd burn the wind!"

Probably no new play has been received with such favor as C. E. Callahan's Tennessee comedy, A Romance of Coon Hollow. On its original production in Chicago the critics of that city were a unit in predicting its success. The New York press was equally unanimous in commenting on the piece during its run at the Fourteenth Street Theater, and from Boston to New Orleans there has not been a dissenting opinion on the merits of the play. The thorough human nature embodied in the personages of the play appeals to the very best taste. Joined to this, A Romance of Coon Hollow reveals magnificent scenery and effects, novel and unique electrical features, and carries a troupe of singing and dancing darkeys, male and female. Two quartettes furnish its musical adjuncts, and a well selected dramatic company interpret its roles. All the scenery used

is carried by the show, which is one of the largest on the road. A Romance of Coon Hollow is announced for next week at the Toronto Opera House, with "bargain matinees" on the usual days, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and a special holiday performance Good Friday afternoon.

During Virginia Harned's first season she was playing Nisbe in A Night Off in a Texas town. In one act, where she tells her lover's fortune with cards, she happened to pick up the jack of hearts first, and holding it aloft said, "That's you!" As Miss Harned was young and a beginner, her *vis-a-vis* always found the right card for her and put it on top. A man in the gallery saw him touch the jack, and jumping to his feet, waved his hat and yelled, "Cheese it, Nisbe; the son-of-a-gun has cheated you!"

It is announced in New York that Abbey, Shoeffel & Grau have been refused a new lease of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and that the house will pass from their hands and the firm disband on April 17. They have made the reputation of being the greatest song caterers in the world, but have met with many losses of late. Men with so much experience will, no doubt, soon make new business affiliations, but it is said that the firm, as such, will drop out.

Mr. Smily will give his new sketch, Music of the Day, at his recital in Association Hall, Tuesday, April 20. This selection has made a great hit wherever Mr. Smily has given it. The Detroit papers spoke of it as the hit of the evening at Mr. Smily's recent appearance in that city. He is giving recitals this week with great success in some of the principal cities of Ohio. The plan will open at Goulay, Winter & Leeming's music store on Thursday, April 15.

William Curtis Gibson, the managing editor of Puck, has just written a play. It is a melodrama entitled In Old New York, and deals with life in that city in the days of the volunteer fire department. "The play makes no pretence to historical accuracy," according to the Sun, from which we gleaned the above information, "and is founded entirely on Mr. Curtis's own reminiscences."

In the performance of At Piney Ridge, when Burr McIntosh, as Jack, accuses the villain of misconduct, and receives in reply "You lie!" he makes a movement to strike him, but as ladies are present, his arm drops to his side. At this juncture, a man in front at a recent performance was so enraged at the heartless villain that he called out, "Soak him, Jack; hit him a good one for luck!"

One night recently a man in the front row of a New York audience called on May Irwin to recite Hiawatha. The actress was almost taken off her feet—she could not remember a line of it. "I will if you'll give me my cue," she called back; "I've forgotten how it starts." He gave her the first line and the buxom May gave him the rest of it.

Yvette Guilbert has made a decidedly novel departure by appearing in a species of monologue at La Scala, in Paris. Its title is Pessima. It is described as "a symphonic and allegorical triptych," and in it she sings and recites twenty-two songs, which are illustrated with views thrown on a screen.

Augustin Daly is to revive Shakespeare's Tempest at his New York theater to-night, with Ada Rehan as Miranda, Miss Earle as Ariel, Mr. Clarke as Prospero, and Mr. Power as Caliban.

Herrmann the Third has now taken to the road as successor to the late Alexander Herrmann. He is Leon Herrmann, a nephew of the late "magician."

The most important attraction of the whole theatrical season will be the appearance of Mr. E. S. Willard at the Grand during the week of April 19.

A Woman's Revenge.

"I've heard a good deal about coercion," said the man with a heavy mustache and a big gold watch-chain, as he leaned over the hotel desk. "But it's my opinion that the public in general don't know what coercion is. Just wait till you get women in politics, then you'll find out something about it."

"Have you ever had any experience with women in politics?" enquired the clerk.

"Not with women in politics, but I've just had experience with a woman in business which shows how quick the sex is in recognizing an advantage and how heartless it can be in making use of it. I run a dime museum. One of my chief attractions is a bearded lady. About two weeks ago her husband came to me and said that she wanted some new costumes; that she was tired of trying to keep up appearances with her old ones. I just laughed at him, but he assured me that she was in earnest. I told him to tell his wife that we weren't paying her milliner's bills. He went away, and came back with the message that she wasn't going to be put off; that she wanted three new dresses, and that she wanted 'em made by the most expensive modiste in town. 'What'll she do if she doesn't get 'em?' I asked. 'She's awfully set in her own way,' he answered; 'I shouldn't be surprised if she resigned right off.' I laughed at him again and told him that I had a contract with her for the season, which it would cost her more to break than she could earn in six months."

"That ought to have settled it," the clerk remarked.

"It didn't, though. In less than ten minutes he came back to my office on a run. 'You've got to compromise, somehow,' he said. 'You've always been a friend of mine, and I don't want to see you get the worst of it.' 'She can't get around that contract,' I answered, beginning to feel a little apprehensive. 'She isn't going to try to. She says she'll spy her time out and appear every afternoon and night, as she agreed to. But when I left she had her things on, and you'll have to run if you want to catch her; by this time she's half way to the barber shop—she's going to get shaved!'"

SPORTING COMMENT

SIR CHARLES RIVERS-WILSON at the annual meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway in London the other day said that bicycles were injuring the business of the railways there being ten thousand wheels in use in Toronto alone. That the street cars of Toronto should carry fewer passengers and do less business because of bicycles is inevitable, but that the Grand Trunk should feel the competition of bicycles is rather surprising, and, if it is true, I think the railway is itself to blame. The railroads have looked upon wheels with great disfavor. They have been niggardly and almost spiteful in resisting the advent of the wheel. While theaters have been building rooms and setting up racks where wheels may be put while the cyclists are enjoying the drama, and while even the churches are doing the same thing, the railways have tried to suppress wheeling by making it inconvenient and expensive for a man or woman to take a wheel along when going on a journey. The inevitable result has been that people journey by wheel whenever the roads and the weather permit. If there are ten thousand cyclists in Toronto, why should not the railroads come to terms with so large and growing a body, rather than tax and hamper wheelmen with the stupid idea of discouraging wheeling? The railroads cannot win with such tactics.

Suppose I am at Oakville at sunset and a thunderstorm comes up. The question arises: Shall I take the train in, or shall I put up for the night and wheel in early in the morning? When I count the cost, the fare for myself and wheel on the one hand, and the cost of remaining over night, I find the expense about the same in either case. When I think of taking the train I foresee the trouble of getting out tags and checks, hustling my wheel about and being treated as a sort of natural enemy by the railroad employee. On the other hand, I think of a glorious ride in the morning air. Naturally I decide to stay over night and ride in. If the railroads wish to bring in wheelmen they must show them some consideration. Wheelmen are generally out for pleasure and, if given any encouragement, would increase, rather than diminish, the number of railroad passengers. When a wheelman decides to take a day and do a fifty mile run he goes out twenty-five miles and back. The same run soon grows monotonous, and the railroads might well encourage him to take a train to some point he has never visited and wheel home.

On this point, and for the benefit of Canadian roads, let me quote the following despatch from Philadelphia:

The Pennsylvania railroad has decided hereafter to carry bicycles as baggage. This important concession was gained by wheelmen only after many interviews of the Pennsylvania State League officials with those of the railroad. Not only will this decision be a benefit to the bicyclists of Pennsylvania, but also to the thousands of other wheelmen who ride on this railroad, and who have hitherto been compelled to pay for the transportation of their wheels as for excess baggage. Though not the result of a boycott, the concession was mainly obtained through the fact that thousands of dollars in traffic receipts had been diverted to other roads through the wheelmen, whose sympathies were with those railroads which extended courtesy to them.

A meeting to consider the subject of Good Roads was held in St. George's Hall on Monday evening. Mayor Fleming, Andrew Pattullo, M.P.P., A. W. Campbell, Provincial Road Inspector, Hon. John Dryden, Ald. Shaw and E. B. Ryckman were the speakers, and, although the meeting was called by H. B. Howson of the C. W. A., the attendance was only about one hundred. Such a meeting, being necessarily a fizzle, can only do harm to the interests of wheelmen and the cause of good roads. Mr. Howson should either use a stronger pull on the wheelmen or he shouldn't use a pull at all. The suggestion that bicycle riders in the city should be taxed one dollar per annum to raise a fund for improving the streets in the interests of bicycle riders has been generally resented by wheelmen. This being so, I presume most bicycle riders feel that it would be inconsistent to attend a meeting devoted to the cause of good roads. Men who won't put up a dollar a year for good roads have no right to raise their voices on the subject—at least, they are not entitled to the special expenditure of public money in their interests, and if the ordinary traffic of the city can bear with the pitch holes of College and other streets, the wheelmen will have to do the same. While other interests pay taxes into a general fund, I should consider it a valuable concession if my wheel-tax should be devoted to the interests of wheeling. But I suppose wheeling can beat its way for a few years longer and take such roadways as it can get. In saying this I am not forgetting that a great many wheelmen pay taxes in other ways.

The efforts of London Field and other papers to discredit the Winnipeg crew have failed, for on Tuesday the secretary of the Winnipeg Rowing Club received a letter from the secretary of the Royal Henley Regatta Committee accepting the entry of the Winnipeg crew. The four will comprise: Marks, stroke; Osborne, No. 2; Flett, No. 3; Armitage, bow and captain, and they will leave for England about June 1.

Last Saturday Oxford defeated Cambridge for the seventh successive time since 1890 in their annual boat race. It is difficult to find a plausible reason for this continuous round of victory on the part of the Oxford crew. The men of both Universities are the pick of the young blood of the British Empire; each crew undergoes the same severe training, has equal facilities for practice, and yet Oxford has won for the past few years without being pushed very hard. This year, for the first time in the history of the race, an American had a place in each crew.

It is to be hoped that "Varsity will see their way clear to put several crews on the bay this

summer; they have had excellent terms offered them by the Argonauts, and it would be a pity if the chance were allowed to pass neglected. Rowing is essentially a college sport and contains advantages in the way of physical development that perhaps no other branch of athletics offers. Besides, Toronto, through its amateur as well as professional oarsmen, has attained a high standing in the aquatic world which should be maintained. Several of the American universities experience considerable difficulty in training their crews, having to practice in tanks, and yet produce good oarsmen, whilst here, right at our own doors, is one of the finest courses on the continent, practically unused so far as the colleges are concerned. If the proposed idea is carried out, who can tell but that some day, and that not very far in the future either, we shall see a "Varsity crew successfully competing at Henley against their English brethren?"

The season's programme of the Toronto Canoe Club has been drawn up, and, opening with a three days' cruise and camp at Toby (which is the endering title of the mouth of Etobicoke Creek) on May 22-24 inclusive, will be as follows:

June 19—Handicap sailing, open to canoes, all classes.

June 26—Handicap sailing, paddle and sail only; novice, single-blade paddling.

July 3—Annual regatta. Events: No. 1, junior singles; No. 2, open singles; No. 3, handicap fours; No. 4, crab race; No. 5, open fours; No. 6, ladies' and gentlemen's tandem; No. 7, open tandem; No. 8, tug-of-war, four in canoe; No. 9, hurry-scurry; No. 10, handicap tandem; No. 11, upset race; No. 12, tilting tournament.

July 10—Handicap sailing, classes 1 and 2 B.

July 17—Camp at Toby.

July 24—Junior double blade (Commodore's gold medal); handicap tandem, double-blade tandem and handicap fours.

July 31—Handicap sailing, open to all classes. Championship Toronto Bay.

Sept. 1—Fall Club regatta. Event 1, International trophy race; event 2, tandem championship; event 3, single-blade championship; event 4, handicap fours.

Sept. 11—Handicap sailing, class B.

The regatta committee for 1897 consists of: Messrs. D. H. McDougall (chairman), Harry Page, R. M. Bertram, George A. Howell and George Walter Begg (secretary).

I am glad to see that the much talked of revival of athletics at Osgoode Hall has at length taken a tangible form. It is certainly true that something was done to put their sports on a strong and permanent footing. A few years ago Osgoode held the Senior Ontario Rugby Football Union Championship for two years in succession, and also possessed the Ontario Hockey Association Championship. Since then their teams produced each year have been weaker and weaker, until last fall Osgoode were unable to place a Rugby team on the field and had to drop out of the O.R.F.U., whilst their Senior O.H.A. team was scarcely fit for the Intermediate, much less the Senior series. It has been decided by the Athletic Association that the annual field day will be reinstated this year, and some time next fall, track sports, jumping, vaulting, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, etc., will be indulged in by the law students. Trinity's challenge for a series of track events to take place before midsummer has also been accepted, and an interesting contest is to be expected. Whatever they do in the other branches of sport Osgoode will no doubt strain every effort to place a good Rugby team in the Senior O.R.F.U. series this year. They have any quantity of material and with plenty of training should be able to give Queen's and "Varsity a hard tussle for supremacy. It is hardly likely, however, that they will be able to develop a championship team in one year.

It is very difficult to be a good prophet. I might have known better than to predict anything about the lacrosse situation. It is now announced that the Toronto Lacrosse Club will stay in the fight and play championship matches at Rosedale. Men will be brought here from various points to play in the team. Meanwhile the Tecumsehs ask admission to the Five Club League, and, as the Montrealers are out of it, we may find two Toronto teams figuring in the contest for the leadership. Just how near the two local teams will get to the front rank one cannot say, but it will certainly arouse much interest in lacrosse here if the Toronto and Tecumsehs are evenly matched when opposing each other and can put up a good "argue" when meeting the Capitals or Shamrocks. But where are all the fast players to come from so suddenly?

It appears that Lord Aberdeen has not, so far, extended the financial aid to the Ottawa Cricket Club which was granted by his predecessors for thirty years. Without the financial and social patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, it seems that the club has not done as well as it used to, and so this year there has been arranged, with Lord Aberdeen's approval, a plan for increasing the scope of the club and enlarging its grounds to take in tennis, bowls and quoits. The Tribune is my authority for these statements. There will be four tennis courts, large bowling green and quoit ground. Ottawa has produced many good cricketers and the club has always been able to hold its own. THE EMPIRE.

Heraldry in America.

The frightful ravages made by heraldic error in America were pointed out to the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in "an illustrated talk," by William H. Abbott, last week. The lecturer said: "The second generation of Pilgrims and Puritans, out of sentiment for the old country, adopted in many instances coats-of-arms. They were not entitled to them, and did not understand the subject. They therefore tried to improve upon the originals, and in many instances with the most ridiculous result. . . . Another common mistake in this country is when the daughter of a family which has a coat-of-arms marries a man who has none, and the latter assumes hers. In the next generation the mistake is increased by the daughter taking it, who has no right whatever to it. This is done in the third, fourth, fifth, and even sixth generation, a process which would give every human being in the world a dozen coats-of-arms, if it was carried out."

"It's perfectly absurd, this clamor about our hats. People who can't see over their own heads better not go to the theater." "I know; that's what I told my husband; and he said, 'All right, we won't go; and we don't.'—Bazar.

An Interlude.

HER chief beauty lies in her unexpectedness. She holds you by her variety. Her actions not only carry this out, but she looks, if I may use the expression, "various."

Her face reminds me of a house put up at different periods, its architecture is so original, though the *tout ensemble* is charming. Her forehead is Grecian; her nose—is there a period that expresses a *rebrousse* nose? Her mouth is what I call "early English," the sort of mouth you see in pictures of Queen Victoria, when she gives vent to that classic remark, "I will be good." Her hair is pure Corinthian, twisted, you see, and fluted, and yet massive enough to suggest the analogy. On the whole, she is satisfying.

I went down to see her the other evening and, to my horror, she appeared on the veranda on crutches. She was very solemn.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

I suppose my face expressed rather more alarm than I intended, for she waved me off with one of the crutches.

"No, no, it's all right," she said. "Miss Macklimp was here to-day and I was nasty and impatient to her; she's a cripple, you know, and now I'm punishing myself; I'm trying to see how it feels."

I wasn't in the least surprised when she said she intended to keep it up all evening. I hate crutches, they are so distant, so I persuaded her to pretend she was blind instead. I said it would be just as salutary. She cast away the crutches and shut her eyes.

"Oh, I don't like it!" she cried.

"You'll have to do it," I remarked; "your behavior to Miss Macklimp was abominable. Now you see what it's like to be afflicted. I wouldn't like to spoil the effect of your little lesson, so I'll lead you about the garden for a while, though, of course, it's a great nuisance." She opened one eye and looked at me with all the suspicion that can be thrown into a single optic.

"Are you sure it's a nuisance?" she asked.

"To be quite candid," I replied, "do you think it can be anything else? I'm really engaged to play tennis with Miss Foot, but this is duty, and however disagreeable."

"Oh, you can go," she said icily. "I daresay it will be just as effective and twice as pleasant if Jimma, the house-maid, leads me about. Good-night."

"No," I said heroically, "for I was determined to see the thing through, I'll stay. You must promise upon your word of honor to keep your eyes shut, because we're not having a game." She opened her eyes at once and looked at me indignantly. "There you go!" I went on. "What is the use of going about it in that spirit? If you're in fun of course I've nothing more to say, but if you're in earnest you really should try to exercise a little self-control."

"All right," she said quite meekly. "Go on."

"Perhaps you'd better hold my hand," I suggested.

"No; oh no! It's so much more awful to try without you—at least I mean—to go by myself," and she went down the veranda steps and ran into a rose-bush.

"You might have told me!" she exclaimed indignantly, sucking her finger, with her eyes wide open.

"Now, my dear girl," I said in a fatherly way, "how can you realize the sensation of blindness if you open your eyes and stare at everything you run into? Take my advice and let me lead you. Most blind people have someone to guide them, a child or—"

"A puppy!" she exclaimed in accents of delight. "Yes, I'm the poor, blind Paper Man, and you are the puppy."

Perhaps she noticed something chilling in my silence, for she slipped her hand into mine and said:

"Are you bored? Do you want to go?"

Wild horses couldn't have dragged me from the spot, but it wouldn't do to tell her that, so I stifled a yawn and said that as it was getting dusky it would be too late for tennis and I might as well stay. We went down the path into the shrubbery. She was keeping her eyes shut. I know, because I was looking at her hard, and I know I was looking at her hard because I stepped on two flower-pots and narrowly escaped a sunken water-barrel. She heard the crash.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"Don't look!" I cried. I was getting her nicely away from the house. "We're close to the dining-room window, and your Aunt Jane is on her way up to the summer-house."

"Let's go to Aunt Jane," she said. I don't think she believed me.

"All right," I said cheerfully, "but on no account open your eyes; you are doing very nicely." And I ran her carefully into a bush and then extricated her with my arm around her waist.

"You did that on purpose!" she cried, wriggling herself free. "It wasn't fair!"

"What wasn't fair?" I asked innocently, "and why should I do what on purpose? The path is confoundedly narrow." (It was eight feet wide where I stood). "You can't seriously think it's any pleasure to me to go blundering about a garden like an intoxicated beetle. Look here—I mean *don't* look here—I'm going to tie my handkerchief over your eyes. I believe you've opened them at least five times."

She didn't deny it, and I tried to fix the handkerchief. When people have such soft hair they must expect it to be a nuisance to them. I like hair that is hard and bristly and can stand up for itself, but hers is simply impossible. It wasn't my fault that it got all twisted into the handkerchief and I had to cut off quite a large piece with my pocket-knife. I cut the handkerchief, too, which was much more serious and will probably cost me fifty cents to replace.

"And now," I said, "Aunt Jane is angry with you for your excessive unkindness to Miss Macklimp, isn't she?"

"She hasn't spoken to me all evening," said the blind Paper Man pathetically.

"And you'd like to make it up, wouldn't you? Well, I have a plan. At this moment I can see Aunt Jane" (to the eye of the mind all things are clear) "standing at the door of the summer-house at the top of the path. I will go away and you will walk up, just as you are, and give



Portrait from "La Soliel."



Portrait from "La Patrie."

MGR. MERRY DEL VAL,
Délégué du Pape au Canada.

her a kiss and tell her you are sorry. Don't move the handkerchief, and she will see that you are really in earnest. Just go straight on; you can't miss her. Good-night, so glad to have been of use."

I couldn't say exactly how it happened. It just struck me that Aunt Jane might not be there after all, so I went around a side path to the summer-house to make sure. She was *not* there; she must have gone away during the interval. I never like to spoil an apology, so I thought it best to stand where Aunt Jane should have stood when the blind Paper Man came up the path. Of course it was a nuisance, but then—

Toronto, April '97.

Mine Host.

"Do you know," said the old innkeeper good-naturedly, "you remind me strangely of a traveler who lodged here one year ago."

"Yes!" I said with a yawn, for I was beginning to tire of his conversation.

"Yes," he repeated, stretching his legs towards the fire, "you have a look of him about your hair, you understand—and your eyes." He regarded me dreamily through the smoke of his pipe. "I have a good memory for faces," he mused, "and, beside, he was the *only* man that ever beat me out of my reckoning."

"What?" I blurted out, half-wishing to pick a quarrel with him. "I look like the man—"

The innkeeper started upright. "Oh, tut, tut, man. I don't mean that," he apologized. "I don't mean that. You merely remind me of him. You don't look like him, you understand. Oh, I don't mean that."

I remained stubbornly silent—in the fool's hope that I had at last found a way to silence his importunate civilities. He, of course, re-

thought I, for being on a sketching tour myself, I was somewhat shabby and careless in my dress.

But the innkeeper, still looking reflectively at the good blaze on the hearth, paid no heed to the scowl with which I regarded him.

"When I first clapped eyes upon him," he continued, "says I to myself: 'This lad hath no flavor of wealth about him.' So, he being the only guest that night, I sat down with him to supper, you understand, and after he had eaten a fair hearty meal (but drunk nothing, the fox!), I made bold to draw him into a chat with me beside the fire."

"The deuce," thought I, "so that is why you've been so amiable sociable with me, too, you old thief;" for he had insisted upon supping with me, "to see me well served," as he put it, and now had taken a seat beside me on the hearth, conversing volubly in spite of my chill manner. "You cantankerous old hypocrite!" I said to myself, drawing hard upon my pipe.

"For, you understand," he said, turning at the sudden vehemence of my smoking, "if I could but keep him within doors until bedtime, I would answer for it that he should not slip me in the night. For I am a *very* light sleeper."

"Now," he continued, when he had taken several hearty pulls of his tobacco and spat deftly at the burning logs, "now I had a very troublesome time trying to keep up a confabulation with him—as you might expect—for he, being moody about something or other, would take no hand in it, but sat scowling at the fire, and puffing and pulling at his pipe for all the world as if he would draw the bowl of it up through the stem, till at last, when I had well-nigh talked the cold weather to stiff frost, and for a surety had discussed all the crops for a score of years to come, he seemed to brighten

"Yes," I said, as proud as a church steeple, "but we innkeepers soon learn how to use our tongues." The rogue was silent again. "And do you read much?" I asked, to draw him out, you understand.

"Well, no," said he, "I don't read a great deal, but I came across a deucedly witty story to-day, and to save my bones I can't untangle it now from the cogs of my memory."

"Faith, I'd like to hear that story," said I, like the gull I was. But I had eaten heartily for supper, and drunk a mite as well, which he had not, and now I was so hoarse and tired with my half-hour's gabbling about nothing at all, that I was more than eager to get a rest from the sound of my own voice. So I settled down in my seat and made ready to hear his tale. But I had eaten heartily for supper, you understand, and drunk a deal beside, and, at any rate, his story was such a confounded, sing-song, tangled-up sort of yarn that—well, I fell asleep. And when I woke up my fire had gone out, and so had my lodger," he ended sheepishly.

"But what was his story about?" I asked, unthinkingly, for I had been busy with my own thoughts all this time, and had scarcely heard what my host had been saying.

"Well now," he began, "it was about an innkeeper in France—"

"May the foul fiend take all innkeepers," I said to myself, being mortally disgusted with the whole tribe of them. And thereupon, finding no inconvenience from the droning of my host's narration, I turned my thoughts again to the channels through which they had been flowing.

For I had started out on this particular sketching tour without any great fund of money, and having met with some costly mishaps on the road, I was debating now whether or not I had better turn back. I was so interested, indeed, in the nice problems of income and expense necessarily involved in the framing of my decision, that I paid no heed whatever to my tormentor, till, suddenly, I was awakened from my reverie by the cessation of that monotonous drawl for so long murmuring in my ears, and opening my eyes lazily to see what untoward accident had checked the flow of my enemy's eloquence, I was surprised to find him apparently fast asleep.

"What trick is this old hypocrite bent upon now?" I thought, for I little guessed the truth of the matter, nor till after I had drawn my feet noisily over the bricks of the hearth—yawning and stretching elaborately—did I become aware, from the restfulness of his eyelids and the regularity of his breathing, that he had already journeyed far into the land of dreams.

"Well, you gray fox," I said half-aloud, "the next time you get an honest artist under your roof, perhaps you will know how to treat him." And so, being completely carried away with the deviltry of the idea, I arose from my seat, picked up my bundle, and tip-toed quickly to the door. No sooner had I grasped the handle of it than the innkeeper's clay pipe, slipping from his fingers, broke with a horrible slatter upon the bricks. I turned about with a smothered imprecation upon my own childishness for trying to steal away. It was only to be greeted—with a blissful snore from my host.

There he sat, still sound asleep, with the shadows cast from the fire dancing derisively on the walls about him.

"Faith, you old gull," said I, "it must have been that other artist who told you you were but a 'light sleeper.'"

Toronto, April, '97.

A Ready Answer.

THERE is sometimes no profit in argument, and a good answer goes further than an earnest discussion. A Methodist clergyman in a town in Western Ontario, when stationed on a former circuit had several arguments with a shoe-maker who professed agnosticism. As the discussions were profitless he at last decided to avoid the man, but one day met him in a store, whereupon the agnostic tackled the parson.

"Have you ever studied astronomy?"

"A little," replied the parson.

"You know something about the distances between the planets and that sort of thing, and so, I would ask you, how long would it take a human soul to travel from the earth to heaven?"

"You'll admit that as astronomers have found no trace of heaven in the solar system, it must be very remote from the earth. How long,

then, would it take a man's soul to make this journey?"

"Well," replied the clergyman, "I have never figured it up for my own benefit, and I really don't see why your soul should concern itself about that particular journey."

Conversation.

CONVERSATION is acknowledged to be an art, yet it is one we are supposed to acquire without systematic instruction.

Society in Paris and in London reached its highest pitch of importance through conversation alone; the gaming-table, music, dancing—all these things existed, but are only remembered now as weaknesses or embellishments, while the conversations in the *salons* of Mme. de Staël and Lady Blessington have passed into history. The habit of to-day differs from that of those famous times in being productive of easy, brilliant conversational pyrotechnics, instead of a determined and exhaustive following of one particular subject or line of subjects. The older method would seem to-day stilted and would necessitate previous study upon given topics, without which one would appear dull and ignorant. As it is, all subjects are touched upon, sometimes through discussion, at other times by a mere cursory allusion, and every one has a chance to show his or her specialty. De Quincy suggested a symposium who should have tucked up his sleeve a number of pertinent topics to be skillfully introduced from time to time, letting one succeed another as soon as animated discussion had been replaced with a desultory floundering in the marshes of thoughtless verbosity.

The modern adaptation of this idea is not a bad thing; in fact, every successful hostess appoints herself to the position of symposiarch, and seats herself at a dinner-table with her mind well stored with topics which she can start by some subtle question, and which, provoking answers from more than one, may excite a half-aggressive, half-playful battle of opinions and repartee.

Anecdotes of Turks.

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Toward the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from the tray near him and politely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined the offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you! I have already eaten two of the accursed things and I want no more!"

When Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British fleet in the action of Navarino in 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allied powers, returned from the Mediterranean, he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose souls are wrapped up in their lands and turnips. "Hullo, Codrington!" he exclaimed, in blind ignorance of all contemporary history, "I haven't seen you for some time. Had any good shooting lately?" "Why, yes," replied the Admiral, "I've had some rather remarkable shooting." And with this he went his way.

The William Penn, an American steamer commanded by Captain John Codman, was the first transport flying a foreign flag which was chartered by the French Government in the Crimean War. She went aground on Nagara Point, and the Pasha of the Dardanelles came off to the ship, tendering his assistance. Being under the impression that the Orientals were forbidden by the Prophet to partake of wine, that luxury was excluded from the cabin table. "Think of my astonishment," writes Captain Codman, "at a gentle hint from the Pasha as to champagne. It was, of course, produced. Upon my remarking that it had not been offered before on account of regard to what I supposed to be his religious scruples, he replied, with an air of perfect sincerity: 'Wine is forbidden by the Prophet; not champagne. Champagne did not exist in his day; how, then, could he have forbidden it?' Marshallah! God is great. Pass the bottle!"

A Growing List.

New York *Life* adds the following to the long list of reading-rooms (published in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT) from which the New York *World* and *Journal* have been excluded:

Public Library, New Haven.
Public Library, Brooklyn, Mass.
New York Military Academy, Cornwall.
Y.M.C.A., Yonkers.
Howland Library, Matteawan, N.Y.
Brooklyn Library.
Public Library, Dayton, O.
Y.M.C.A. Union, Rutland, Vt.
Genesee Valley Club, Rochester.
Public Library, Omaha.

Will the Peace be Spoilt?

San Francisco Call.
The Great Powers have found they cannot take Greece out of Crete with soft soap.

There's Always a Trick in It.

"Have you heard of the new advertising dodge they are working down at one of the departmental stores?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, they're giving away a bird with every glass of soda water."

"You don't say so. What kind of a bird is it?"

"A swallow."—Ex.

Mrs. Spat—Your husband is an inventor, I understand? Mrs. Spotter—Yes. Some of his excuses for coming home late at night are in use all over the country.—*Philadelphia North American*.

"Was hael!" cried the Medieval Era. "If I were so drunk," retorted the End of the Century, "that I could not pronounce 'wat t'ell,' I think I would go home and go to bed."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A young student lately presented himself for examination, and ignominiously failed. To his family, anxious to hear of his success, he telegraphed thus: "Examinations splendid; professors enthusiastic. They wish for a second in October.—*Tit-Bits*."

"O! did not mind the threats av 'im," Mr. Hogan explained, "as much as th' insultin' style av his remarks." "And f'wat did he say?" asked Mr. Grogan. "He says to me 'Hogan,' says he, 'tis a great notion I have to jump on you and knock your face into shape.'"

—*Indianapolis Journal*.



I was beginning to tire of his conversation.

doubled his attentions. "Maybe you might wish to hear the story of it," he insinuated.

I answered nothing.

"Well," he went on, not at all abashed, "he came in here just such a night as this a year ago, as I said, on foot and with a knapsack. He was an artist man, as I could guess, and rather a needy-looking one at that."

"Confound your impertinence, Mr. Host,"

up all on a sudden, and "Faith, my good friend," said he, "do you read much?"

"Why, no," I answered, as innocent as a cuckoo, "not over much."

"Well, that's very strange," said he; "you carry on a good conversation for one that does not read much."

"Now, he was but trying to hoodwink me, you understand, but I was such a fool, for all my gray hairs, that I suspected nothing."

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Ham-American	London	Thurs. 107.50 50.00	
Beaver	Philis-Lpool	Sat. 50.00 34.00	
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North German Lloyd Services

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen			
Fried. der Grosse	April 22	Bremen	June 3
Wesmar	April 29	Bremen	June 10
Koenigin Luise	May 12	Bremen	June 17
H. H. Meier	May 20	Barbados	June 24
Prinz Reg. Luise	May 27	Prinz Reg. Luise	July 1
Saloon, \$75; second saloon, \$42.50 upward.			
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen			
Express ships 10 a.m.			
Spree	April 20	Havel	May 11
Trave	April 27	Salle	May 18
Lahn	May 4	Salle	May 25
Saloon, \$100; second saloon, \$45 upward.			
New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa weekly.			

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NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON (London)-Paris			
St. Paul	April 10	St. Paul	May 5
St. Louis	April 21	St. Louis	May 12
Paris	April 28	A.M.	

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RIVER RAIL

Anecdotal.

A Nebraska man who had a car or two of horses to sell, wrote to a friend in Washington whether it would be advisable to try to sell them there. The friend replied: "The people of Washington ride bicycles; the street cars are run by electricity, and the Government is run by jackasses. No need for horseflesh."

A story is told of a very enterprising Jew who would give himself away and go to any length of self-abnegation in order to effect a sale. He was showing off a cloth on his arm. "Just feel de cloth, butiful, soft as shilk, make you a lovely schuit of cloth." Customer: "Yes, but (sniffing) it smells so!" Jew: "Thash not the cloth. Thash me!"

General Horace Porter, who has just been appointed U.S. minister to France, tells a story of a passenger who was steering a ship. The captain told him to steer for a certain star and keep the helm steady, and went downstairs to get a little sleep. He had been snoozing comfortably for a couple of hours, when his new helmsman came down to his bunk and woke him up, saying: "Captain, give me another star to steer by; I have passed that one."

Rev. G. W. Kerby, lecturing at St. Catharines one night last week, told a couple of stories that he heard at Chattanooga, Tenn. One was of a little boy who, being asked about the creation and the making of the first woman, said: "God took out man's backbone and made her." But there was another answer to it: "God made all the world beautiful and made man, rested the seventh day, and then made woman, but He hasn't had any rest since."

The Earl of Glasgow, who was recently ap-

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pointed Governor of New Zealand, despatched an aide-de-camp with a verbal invitation to a newly-appointed minister whose natural abilities exceeded the advantages of his birth or training, to attend a dinner at Government House, to which all the magnates of the colony had been invited. The minister, instead of accepting, sent by the aide-de-camp the following answer: "Much obliged, but me and my missus don't meal out."

The Duchess of Devonshire asked a very silly Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scots who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home. "Oh, madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, and for the honor of their country no one is permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled?"

The Viscountess Sherbrooke, wife of Robert Lowe, was in the habit of saying whatever came into her mind at the moment. The French ambassador one day said to her, somewhat patronizingly: "You know, England is said to be a land of shopkeepers. I had no idea of finding there such great military displays." "Ah," she replied, "the people of different countries do not understand each other. Now, I have actually been under the impression that the French were a great military nation."

A sea-captain and a lawyer lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrific crash upstairs startled him. Upon investigating, he found that a chimney had hurled itself through his roof, doing considerable damage. He discovered it was the sea-captain's chimney. Hastening down to his library, he pulled out his law-books and hunted up similar cases, devising and scheming how he could secure satisfaction from the detestable captain. While thus engaged, a note arrived from his enemy that read as follows: "Sir,—If you don't return those bricks at once, I will put the matter in the hands of the law."

Phil May tells of a funny experience he had on his return from a tour for the Graphic. "When I came back to London I hastened to the office, and imagine my gratification when I saw everywhere resplendent banners bearing the inscription in large letters: 'Welcome to May.' I tell you I was elated. 'This is indeed fame,' I thought, and when I got to the Graphic office there was another inscription with flowers and all the rest of it, 'Welcome to M. and G.' The G. worried me a bit, but then the name of the man who went out with me to do the letter-press commenced with G. I told the editor of my gratification. 'Why, you idiot, you egotistical, egregious idiot,' he remarked politely, 'it's nothing to do with a low artist fellow like you. It's the marriage of Prince George and Princess May!'"

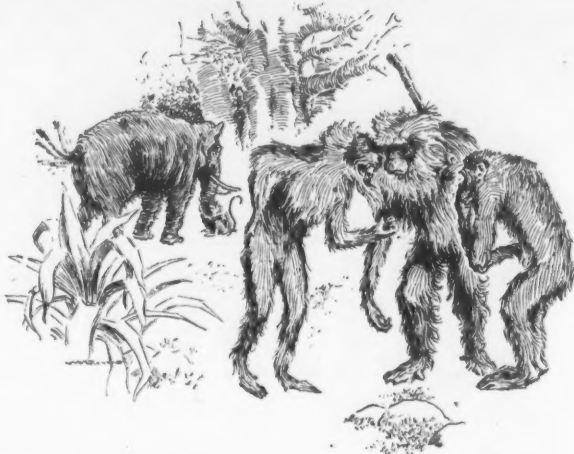
Between You and Me.

CIRCUMSTANCES over which I have no control (i.e., a pair of soft blue eyes, and a marvelous complexion, and a little golden head), led to my being a waiter outside the door of a head manager the other day. There is a gentle and genial person who breaks the news to you that you must wait your turn, and who assures you that it won't be long in coming. I suppose men naturally drop into line, and succumb to that curt necessity of being "Next." But women don't. You see we have not learned our lesson as they have done, not being frequenters of barbers' shops to any alarming extent, and when we do have a "head" put on us, always having an appointment for that purpose. It has always delighted me to glance into a crowded lather parlor and see the men who cannot at home wait one half minute for anything! They never dream of fidgeting or kicking against the inevitable, just sit patiently awaiting that magic cry, "Next!"

While I waited in the cosy corner in the hall I saw a great, fat, burly-looking person balancing himself on the corner of the table and swinging a fine, large pedal extremity with great vigor and energy. "That person comes before you, you see!" said the gentle and genial. "I hope he won't be long!" I whispered, thinking of a brand-new '97 bicycle all by itself downstairs in the entry. "I shall be very brief," said the burly man sharply. "I have no time to waste, and I am not going to let you go in before me. It's my right to go first, and I never gave up a right in my life. I was quite frightened of him, but managed to say I was sure no one would dream of wanting any of his rights or anything else on earth that had anything to do with him. I asked him if he were in a hurry, and he said he was, had his hands full of hurry, so to speak. The general manager was interviewing a lady, who seemed loaded with conversation for another hour. I was glad; I hoped she'd speak slowly and completely free her mind of every idea it harbored, and then encore herself. "You women," said the burly man, "expect men to give you their seats in the street cars. I never give up my seat to a woman. I paid for it, and it's my right to occupy it. You think—" then I stopped him. "I'll just tell you what I think," said I gently; "when you were a very small boy your parents allowed you to eat too much sausage." After that he let me alone.

And he wasn't long at his interview, but who do you think he was? I'll never tell you, but I never was so surprised in my life as when the general manager told me. One gets absurdly wrong ideas of the probable personality of persons one hears about. For years I have heard of this man as a promoter of wild schemes, an arguer of windy questions and a thorn in the side of many a sensible business man; and I have imagined him an attenuated, hungry-looking being, with wild and deep-set eyes and breezy whiskers; clothes rather thin and small for him, and long, pointed nose, like a Hapsburg. And lo! he is portly and overbearing, and small enough to scold at me and air his piggy-wig notions about his rights. The only thing I wonder is if he tries to persuade his fellows into his schemes in the same brow-beating manner.

A Seizure In The Jungle.



"I say, Uncle Boon, what's the row?"
Uncle Boon—Why, the elephant owes my sister for coconut milk, and Bab is going to hold his trunk until he pays.

So much talk about the Bell Telephone lately made me interested in hearing something about the "hello" ladies and their qualifications. You know how you sometimes revile Central and wish you had her by the hair, and might put muscle into one good strong pull. If you don't, you're better than most of us. Well, I don't believe I can ever feel quite cross with any of her again, even that one of her with a mockingly jubilant tone who uses it so exasperatingly to remark, "Line's in use!" It seems impossible she is not glad you are out of it! But the hello ladies have gone up to the top notch, in my mind, since I found out how they are chosen for their arduous and wearing work. They must be tall, first and foremost, or they can't reach the new switch-boards; they must be young, not over twenty-two; they must have a certain tone of voice, that clear, breezy tone which carries well and distinctly; they must be educated, sweet-tempered, and they must come prepared to encounter a certain test of their sincerity and earnestness to become experts. Sometimes the test is very awkward hours, sometimes other things. The company have had applications from girls who candidly remarked that they wanted some money to buy a trousseau; the company were to train and teach and pay, and Miss Muffet was to sit on her tuffet just long enough to get ready to march off to her marriage. Curious reasons are sometimes given; girls apply who have no stability, no method, no idea of liking the service as more than a means to an end. The company don't take them—they know better.

The whole house looked grubbiness indescribable! We looked at the dusty corners, the dingy curtains, the faded cushions, and last week's glorious sunshine stared in as much as to say, "Yes, indeed, just see what a house, and what a lovely day to turn it out o' windows!" So, carried away in a whirl of ill-considered energies, the three of us did turn it out, after the double windows came off. The immense long carpet was hung on a line in a vacant lot, and very dusty and horrid it was, and that little busy-bee of a woman of whom I wrote some weeks ago, and a most unwilling man, whacked it for—a century. It was lovely; they got off such sonorous whacks that I enjoyed it far more than toy cannon or Queen's Birthday firecrackers. What numbers of lost things came to light when one turns out the house in cleaning time! I nearly collapsed on discovering a package intended for the post away before Christmas, and which, having never been acknowledged, was voted lost in transit. How well I remember sticking it back of those books, and how completely I forgot it! There is a cleanly snuff of soap-suds about, and a plenitude of fresh air, and Mr. Gay is in bed with a mustard plaster and bronchitis tussling it out together. But the house is clean, and I am quite sure that the proverb which says that cleanliness is next to godliness is humbug, or, why, pray, do you say the very worst words in the dictionary when you hit your finger with the tack-hammer in cleaning time?

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

M.S.A.—Mutilated scraps are not studied.

F. A. B.—The Woman's Work Depository in King street east. Write to Miss Unwin for particulars and address as above. You sent no coupon, so you must not expect a delineation.

CYCLIST.—The motto is first-rate. The quotation you ask for is to be found in Shakespeare's King John IV.—2. You have not given it correctly though. It runs: "The spirit of the time shall teach me speed." Teach, not give.

THE FATHER OF DAVID.—This is a sensitive, refined and somewhat ambitious person, clearly of the gentler sex, *mildly* the assumed name. Energy, decision, ease of manner, culture and conversational ability are shown; quick intuition and considerable talent are visible in this excellent study.

ROSEMARY.—You are deliberate, susceptible, and rather cautious in speech, refined and imaginative, with a practical method; a trifle slow, very fond of beauty, and appreciative of nice surroundings. You are careful in work, and reliable, rather hopeful, and anxious to do well whatever you undertake.

DENTIA.—Not a very ancient person, I fancy. Conservative, a trifle careless, very good-natured, rather logical, and with fair sequence of ideas, but neither grace nor lucidity of expression. Writer is fond of social pleasures and will find Time a great modifier of her traits. The study shows some refinement and much promise.

KILTY.—I. Glad my shot at your brother was a bull's-eye. 2. Your writing shows much refinement and a persistent and sure-to-be-successful purpose; you are methodical, sensible, hopeful, careful, of some imagination and very ingratiating method. The whole study is buoyant, appreciative and well

balanced. You should be a nice creature. PRISCILLA.—1. Forty to one on it that you are single! Be sure and tell me if I win this bet. 2. You are generous and liberal, very cheerful, somewhat fond of opinions, enterprising and courageous, quick at conclusions, careful in execution, apt to be affectionate but not at all susceptible. You're as strong as you're clever, and have a good sense of humor; are a wee bit self-seeking, but on the whole a fine, upright, stirring personage.

R. O. S. E.—1. There is no season unsuitable but the legal holidays, July and August. You would not have much chance then. There are lots of stenographers and typewriters here now, but if you are an expert and a good all-round reporter or office-hand you'll probably get in "on the ground floor." 2. Your writing is charming, neat, elegant and business-like. You are bright, observant, self-assertive and reliable; sometimes your judgment is a little extravagant. You are not a close reasoner, but a discreet, sociable and self-reliant person.

CYNICUS.—Your study is excellent. Just enough and no more. It is probably a business hand, legal or financial; such an one never wrote a fairy tale nor even a verse. You are perceptive, solid and reliable, inclined to take a pessimistic view of life, but so strong and sensible as not to let it spoil your efforts. You have very clear and decided opinions and never hesitate in forming them; adaptability to fortune, good or ill, is a trait. You can be affectionate and are eminently reliable, strong, somewhat clever and very even-tempered. Discretion is shown, but not originality.

BAB.—1. You dear child of sixteen, what do you expect? Surely not a formed character already! 2. No, Bab, there is nothing wrong in the exchange of ideas on paper between any boy and girl, so long as the ideas are what they should be. The trouble is that girls and boys write either inane or else idiotic letters, with ideas quite unworthy of being inscribed on paper, in so many instances. Your very sensible lines seem to assure me that your letters would be better worth reading. Thank you for good wishes, Bab, dear. I suppose you are carering about on your wheel by this time.

MISS VASELINE AND THE FAT LADY.—The traits are nearly identical. The first has the stronger purpose, the neater method and greater constancy and grasp. She has also more pride of birth. If you be sisters she may well be the elder. The Fat Lady has a more buoyant nature and may be also the more ambitious; both are firm, careful workers, and well developed women. Miss Vaseline will probably take up more room in the world, figuratively speaking, and the Fat Lady will attract more affection. The former can generally get the better in an argument, but the latter is more intuitive. A nice pair.

TO-MORROW.—A very impetuous, unreasonable and high-strung little lady, I'll be bound. And so you are "a little sorry for me." Well, my dear, let me tell you that you need not trouble yourself, I don't need any one to be sorry for me; when I am hungry I have enough to eat; when weary, a cosy bed to sleep in, and when inclined for work, plenty to do. In addition I have always a friend at hand to have a jolly time with. Is all that cause for sympathetic woe? Of the deeper aspects I don't care to speak, but you can be quite easy about them, so far as I am concerned, and don't waste your "sorrows" on an incorrigibly philosophic person. 2. Your writing shows originality, lack of tact, a very intense and self-willed nature, mistrustful at times and always cautious, but longing for appreciation and apt to be exacting in matters of affection. There is something attractive in your most trying traits, but it is not the writing of a happy person. Now, I have done my best and worst for you. Are you going to make your offered confession? I don't somehow think that you will.

The Same... Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—50 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compounded out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and—it's Ayer's.



GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. What purifies the blood? ..

THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the servers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.



puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence. Be self-convinced through personal proof.

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Of good work explains the success of this business. Dyeing and cleaning done here is done well. Once a customer always a customer is the experience of the house. Think of these things as you decide on having your last year's suit or dress dyed, or your curtains cleaned for housecleaning.

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Girl—His spine is hurt. Another Girl—Then I suppose his football days are over. Girl—Oh, no; he can still play half-back, or quarter-back, anyway.—*Detroit Journal.*

"Offers of Matrimony"

should not be accepted by ladies from non-smokers," says Touchstone, that close student of human nature and one of the cleverest dramatic critics on the city press. Even then it should be stipulated that all orders for tobacco and cigars for the new home should be left at Muller's, nine King street west.

The Countess of Aberdeen at the University of Chicago.

From a Special Correspondent.

HERE was great rejoicing in Chicago when the president of the great University of Chicago announced that the Convocation orator on the first day of April would be Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen. She had won a warm place in the hearts of the people by her efforts in behalf of Irish industries in connection with the World's Fair, and the great auditorium was filled with the learning and the society of the great western city prepared to do honor to the noble lady. The Union Jack and "Old Glory" stretched out across the proscenium arch in friendly relations, and the whole tenor of the evening was that of international amity. It was a notable occasion, for now, for the first time in the history of any university, the public Convocation orator was to be a woman, and even more than that, the wife of the vice-regal ruler of another country. In the boxes were the leaders of society in Chicago, and jewels sparkled in greater abundance than on the famous nights of grand opera. On the stage sat the Faculty of this University, which, though only five years old, is known throughout the civilized world. In it are great men of letters drawn from the great universities of all lands, men who are pre-eminent in their departments. When the Countess appeared in the Convocation procession on the arm of President Harper she was warmly greeted with applause. She was gown in salmon silk, draped with black lace. She wore a single flower and a flashing jewel in her hair. Perfectly at home, she spoke with a clear enunciation on The University in its Effects Upon the Home. It was a sober, thoughtful discourse, interspersed with some very delicate shades of humor. There was a ripple of laughter when she recalled an early exposition, in which there was a collection of the photographs of the babies of college-bred women to prove that such babies were as fine and healthy as any others.

The closing paragraph is worthy of reproduction, summing up as it does the whole argument:

"Home life relieved of its drudgery because educated inventiveness and organization has been brought to bear upon it; home life permeated with the influence of culture and based upon equality of education, of responsibility and opportunity; home life based on a love born of mutual knowledge and respect of one another's nature and mission—therein lies the hope and the power of the future, and the university which omits not this from its ideals, and which includes preparation for the discharge of those highest duties while training the mind in all intellectual and scholarly excellence, will indeed deserve well of the country."

A pleasing feature of the evening, especially in view of the fact that the orator was a representative of Canada, was the announcement of the award of the Fellowships for 1897-8, the coveted honors of the University. Of the sixty-nine awarded, eight fell to Canadians, and seven of these to graduates of the University of Toronto, the other Canadian being a graduate of Dalhousie, Nova Scotia.

On Friday afternoon the Countess was the guest of honor at a reception given by the women of the University at Kelly Hall, one of the dormitories on the campus. There are three large dormitories for women, known as Beecher, Kelly and Foster Halls, named after ladies who had donated the money with which they were built. From three to five on this afternoon the campus was dotted with groups of girls in the sombre academic costume, wending their ways to Kelly to do honor to the lady to whose visit they had been looking forward with great pleasure. It was a strictly feminine gathering and is reported to have been exceedingly enjoyable, though the young men of Graduate Hall, across the campus, doubted this statement and gazed with longing eyes towards Kelly.

In the evening the president gave a reception in Haskell Museum, to which were invited the leaders of society in the city, the officials of the University, and the Canadian students in attendance at the University. This was a most enjoyable function and the praises of the Countess and her escort, Captain Sinclair, M.P., have been sounded ever since. The Museum was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and though many university gatherings have been held there, nothing as fashionable as this had ever been known on the campus. The Canadian students before the reception presented Her Excellency with a beautiful bouquet of roses as a recognition of the worthy representative of a great country.

The Countess evinced great interest in all the details of the university life and has won golden opinions from all at the University of Chicago. It is the general consensus of opinion that this, the eighteenth, was one of the most successful and most enjoyable convocations of the University, and to the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, the Countess of Aberdeen, this is mainly due.

London Letter.

Our Correspondent Tells About the Arrangements for the Diamond Jubilee and Other Matters of Interest.

ALREADY the Police and Procession authorities are studying the street arrangements for the coming Jubilee Day. The total line of route is about six miles, and 225,000 spectators are allowed to the mile; this will represent about one-fifth of the total of the inhabitants and visitors that day in London. The streets selected are not of the same width. Fleet street is much narrower than the Mall, while Hyde Park corner and Trafalgar square will afford breathing spaces to thousands. As in 1867, a free roadway of twenty feet must be secured for the equipages, equestrians and guards of honor. The Record Began open-air service will be celebrated, as is settled, on the steps of the west of St. Paul's Cathedral. The royal carriage will be drawn by the eight cream-colored horses in plain harness, with out-riders, postillions and footmen. The Royal Academy has agreed to work in with the city authorities respecting the route decorations, which are certain to be most profuse. This will secure a kind of organized harmony, and at the same time show foreigners that England has after all

The Surrender.



"Marie, darling, that bonnet is yours."—N. Y. Truth.

a knowledge of the art of street decoration. Outside the main thoroughfares loyal Britons can indulge in all the orders of architecture and the gamut of colors as their independence may inspire.

Not a few persons in this country regret that it is next to impossible to organize a Shrove Tuesday carnival or *Bœuf Gras*, or some historical procession, as in Paris. But the manners of the people are altogether different. However, Pancake Day is still upheld in England and constitutes a purely classical *fete*. Westminster school is well known to faithfully honor the festival, and this year's ceremony was especially successful. The cook, as usual, came into the school-room, threw up the historical pancake, which was followed by the customary scramble; the pupil securing the largest morsel brings it to the head master, who hands him the usual two guineas. With this "pocket-money" he is expected to make a small present to the cook and to invite his comrades to an indoor picnic. An attempt was made this year to revive an old custom, the "lemon peel fight," so popular formerly in the city schools. Each boy had a lemon served him with his pancake; the fruit was never touched until the afternoon; the scholars would then halve the lemons and engage in a battle. The effects of the missiles often proved very unpleasant. The lemon encounter lasted twenty minutes, and the game was entered into with plenty of spirit and harmless fun.

The Guildhall will outlive the Jubilee Ball given there in 1867 by the City Corporation. A similar sum of money has been voted, £5,000, to meet all expenses, so that what cash can effect will be accomplished. The invitations on the occasion of the present Jubilee will be issued to all crowned heads and ambassadors who come to do honor to Her Majesty. Indeed, the arrangements cannot fail to be successful if carried out on the lines of the last magnificent ball. The local preparations are not being neglected. Gray's Inn is the first of the Courts to publish a programme of its rejoicings next June. The Benchers will give a mammoth *fete* in their beautiful gardens, the guests to be the workmen, women and children of the neighborhood. There will be a ball for the members of the Society also, planned on the same gorgeous scale as the entertainments at the Inn during the Elizabethan reign.

The principal members of the Royal Society of British Artists commemorated a few evenings ago the fiftieth anniversary of their incorporation by Royal Charter. The banquet was attended by one hundred guests and passed off most successfully. The Queen's health was most enthusiastically drunk, and the present occasion was eventful in the annals of British art. Her Majesty most warmly acknowledged the mark of respect paid her, and congratulated the Society on its brilliant period of work, which so happily coincided with the Queen's own life. The society was formed in 1819. Thus the founding of the institution not only corresponds with the year wherein Her Majesty was born, but more; it was duly celebrating its own jubilee in honor of the granting of the charter within a few months of the time when the Sovereign was herself completing the sixtieth year of her glorious reign. The Society, it may not be generally known, was the only one ever incorporated, because recognized as of public utility. The progress of its members and the many successes achieved by them have been really most remarkable.

London, Eng., March 26.

Barnato's Residence.

Not the least of the minor blessings that Mr. Rhodes has conferred on mankind reminds one of the boy who gave pins as one of the principal means of saving life. Asked how, he said, "By not swallowing of them," and on the same principle we are all in Mr. Rhodes's debt for not building a house in Park lane. When one sees the things Messrs. Beit and Barnato have put up, one wonders what the Duke of Westminster can be thinking of in allowing such quaint disfigurements of a fine thoroughfare. Chateau Beit is an impossibly hideous erection, without either design, proportion, or ornament to recommend it.

Mr. Barnato appears to have gone on the principle of "Not wisely, but too well." There is a row of great eyes on the entresol that stares impudently up and down the street to the perturbation of sensitive folk, while the petrified housemaids in nightgowns outside the bedroom windows flourish insane greetings to every passer-by. It would make an interesting debate to discuss which was least offensive—the mock reserve and humility of the first

house—or the blatant aggressiveness of the second. Neither is encouraging to the optimist who hopes that with increased wealth the world gains in knowledge of art and taste.

Don't Rake Up the Past.

A very neat point must be credited to the *Calgary Herald*. Editorially commenting upon the rumor that Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh is about to resign his position and take up residence in Rossland, it urges that a Western man should succeed him, and nominates Hon. John W. Sifton. The various good points and long experience of Mr. Sifton are mentioned, and then the *Herald* concludes:

"The objection that he is the father of the Minister of the Interior will possibly be raised by those who are on the lookout for something to object to, but as that event occurred some thirty-six years ago, it seems hardly fair to bring it up against him now."

The Point of View.

Helen (looking over fashion magazine)—Now, who do you suppose would be seen in such a horrid, immodest bicycle suit as this?

Edith—That?—Why, that's a bathing-suit!

Helen—Oh! isn't it just too lovely for anything! Let's see how it's made.

How many people are ashamed to go into company on account of their foul-smelling breath, caused from catarrh or cold in head? If they would study their own interests they would soon have a sweet breath like their neighbors. There is one sure cure for Catarrh, and that is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Give one blow through the blower and you get relief immediately. Price, including blower, 25 cents.

Miss Fosdick—My bicycle-lamp is always going out. Mr. Dolley—Well, a bicycle-lamp that always stayed at home would not be of much use.—*Judge*.

"Now they speak of her as an up-to-date girl. What do you understand by that?" "My boy, a girl that is up to date is up to anything."—*Puck*.

A SHORT CUT TO RELIEF

FROM THE ITCHING AND BURNING OF ECZEMA.

What is Eczema, anyway? Let him who has been afflicted answer.

It is an itching and burning of the skin almost beyond endurance.

It is thousands of little vesicles filled with an irritant fluid, which burst and flow over the raw surface of the denuded skin, causing more torture than all other skin diseases combined.

It comes on almost any part of the body and is no respecter of age, as old people as well as tender infants are the subjects of its attack.

What about the cure? Physicians seem prone to regard it as almost beyond their reach.

What about Kootenay Cure? Why, it's the very remedy wherever there is any deterioration of the blood.

In the case of Mr. G. W. Dawson, Fulton P. O., Ont., stated under oath, it simply worked marvels. He had Eczema for five years, was treated by many physicians in Canada and the United States, but got so bad at last with the frightful itching and burning that he thought he would go insane. Six bottles of Kootenay's Kootenay Cure cured him.

Mr. William Marcham, an Engineer, living at 242 Catherine Street North, Hamilton, makes a sworn statement that he suffered intensely with Eczema which covered his whole body. He was in the City Hospital for six weeks and was discharged at the end of that time as incurable. Four bottles of Kootenay entirely cured his Eczema.

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A Terrible Woman.

"When I told her the nature of the charge on which I arrested her," said the policeman, in giving evidence against a woman accused of robbing a pawnbroker, "she turned away from me and swallowed a bed-tick, a pair of straps, two brass candlesticks, a smoothing-iron and the bellows."

"Nonsense!" said the amazed magistrate; "have you lost your senses?"

"Oh, your worship!" replied the constable, "tis the tickets of them I mean she swallowed."

Babies and Bicycles.

Family Doctor.

No doubt many of our readers have been struck by the growing practice on the part of enthusiastic bicyclists, who are at the same time fathers of families, of taking their youthful offspring on their machines with them. Some steps should, in the interests of the children, be taken to put a stop to this pernicious practice. Most people nowadays have bicycles—and many have babies; but the health of the latter should not be endangered by being slung in front of the bicycle and jolted over country roads.

Didn't Get It.

Mabel—So you're going back to town to-morrow, and you'd like something to remember me by? What would you prefer?

De Barry—That diamond engagement ring I gave you six weeks ago.

She (coming up suddenly)—Where did that wave go? He (coughing and strangling)—I swallowed it.—*Dublin World*.

Dora—He said there was one thing about me he didn't like. Cora—What was that? Dora—Another man's arm.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Lawyer—Was the old gentleman insane, doctor? The Doctor—He showed one bad symptom. He never had the wheezing craze.

Tyres—Have you named your boy yet? Spokes—No; my wife and I can't agree. She wants to name him after her wheel and I want to name him after mine.—*Judge*.

"What seems to be the matter with Mike, Mrs. O'Grady?" "Sure, he do be suff'rin' from a good old Irish disease." "What is it?" "Mikeerobe, Oi think the doctor called it."



MUSIC

THE second Chamber Music concert, given under the auspices of the Toronto Chamber Music Association, was attended by a large audience representative of our best musical and social elements. A programme of much interest and charming variety was presented, in which the following artists participated: The Detroit Philharmonic Club; Mr. H. M. Field, pianist; Miss Elsie Lincoln of Boston, soprano; Dr. C. E. Saunders, flautist, and Miss Fannie Sullivan, accompanist. Raff's trio in G major, Op. 112, for piano, violin and 'cello; Mendelssohn's beautiful Canzonetta from the string quartette in E flat major, Op. 12, and Grieg's quartette in G minor, Op. 27, constituted the *ensemble* numbers. The playing of the Club was naturally a marked advance on their efforts at the first concert this season, when, as will be remembered, the lamented founder of the quartette was already suffering from the unfortunate illness which subsequently resulted in his death. Their best work was undoubtedly done in the splendid Grieg quartette, which was played with remarkable brilliancy, precision and contrasts of shading and expression. Mendelssohn's popular canzonetta was also most artistically interpreted, and aroused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The feature of the Raff trio was Mr. Field's admirable work at the piano. His musicianship and fine technical equipment were at all times in evidence in the interpretation of this exacting composition. As an *ensemble* player Mr. Field's ability is no less pronounced than his high standing as a soloist, a fact which has been amply and frequently demonstrated at local chamber music concerts. Herr Heberlein, the popular 'cellist of the quartette, was heard in two solo numbers, namely, Mozart's Larghetto and Heberlein's Witches' Dance. This sterling artist has long been a favorite with our concert-going public, and his playing on this occasion served to strengthen the good opinion in which he is held in Toronto. The soprano soloist, Miss Lincoln, created a very favorable impression in her songs and was warmly received. Her singing displayed a pure soprano voice of sweet quality and a refined and cultured style. Particularly effective was her rendering of David's Charming Oiseau, from La Perle du Bresil, with flute obligato by Dr. Saunders. The artistic effect of Dr. Saunders' fine playing in this number contributed in no small measure to its success. It is a matter for regret that Dr. Saunders is so seldom heard on the local concert platform. The accompaniments were played by Miss Sullivan with her usual artistic taste and sympathy. Congratulations are due the ladies composing the committee of management of the Association upon the success thus far attending their efforts to provide this city with a series of Chamber Music concerts on a comprehensive scale such as has this season been inaugurated.

American musicians have been expressing themselves in letters to Chicago *Protest* regarding the cry of "America for the Americans" in matters musical, or foreign *renais* native musicians. Some of the opinions advanced merit reproduction. Mr. Emil Liebling says:

"Anything of merit will succeed. There is no reason to suppose that a composition will be found meritorious simply because it is 'American' or to claim recognition for an artist, vocal or instrumental, because he chances to be an American. It is all pure nonsense, this talk of nationality."

Mr. Calvin B. Cady remarks:

"I have nothing whatever to say on the subject. The talk about American music and musicians is too absurd. Music is cosmopolitan, and in music I know no country. American music! Why not talk about American geometry or American natural science or American philosophy? We need music, but first we need men and women. We are turning out a host of piano pounders, but we are far from having musicians. Show me first manly men and womanly women; then and not till then shall we have musicians. It is music we want without regard to nationality."

Mr. Clarence Eddy says:

"I see no reason why we should encourage American music, simply because it is American. We are wont to give full recognition to our composers. I think, when any worthy work is presented; but it must be worthy. Americans are energetic, enterprising and go-ahead and we certainly have some great teachers among us, and we may claim a great deal of native ability. We have high ideals and aspirations which will tend toward the development of talent. The musical atmosphere abroad is the point which Europeans may take advantage of; hence their superior musical cultivation. This lack, however, is fast being remedied and there is no doubt that American composers and musicians will receive their just due, even though foreign talent must always be recognized without regard to nationality."

A contributor to a contemporary in recalling several anecdotes of Von Bulow, makes mention of the following interesting and characteristic little notes: "Social rank did not count in Bulow's estimate of values. He broke up an audience of titled personages assembled to enjoy one of his rehearsals by causing the bassoon players to perform their parts alone until the listeners all left in disgust. 'Now,' said he cheerfully, when the last of his noble hearers had departed, 'we'll go to work.' He kicked the name board of a certain piano off the stage because it degraded the artist into an advertisement. In the presence of an enthusiastic audience he once noticed two laurel wreaths on the piano. He picked them up, looked at them, and then kicked them under the instrument. He did this because he resented the idea that musicians should be treated differently from other men. He wished music to be a manly calling. He would not have it degraded into a matter of patronage. 'Go, take that laurel wreath to Herr Franz Lachner (his predecessor in Munich), who is on

the pension list,' he exclaimed to an usher. 'I am not superannuated.'"

Miss Fannie Sullivan's piano recital, which was given in the theater of the Normal School on Thursday evening of last week, proved a very enjoyable and successful event. The programme embraced Chopin's G minor Ballade, Liszt's transcription of Wagner's Tannhauser March, and several well chosen groups of pieces by Raff, Grieg, Bachmann, Chopin, Schutt and Chaminade, besides Grieg's Sonata, Op. 8, for piano and violin. Miss Sullivan's playing throughout was characterized by firmness and elasticity of touch, refined phrasing and excellent musical comprehension generally. She was warmly applauded by the large audience present. The programme was agreeably varied through the assistance of Madame Walther, soprano, and M. Bernhard Walther, violinist. Madame Walther sang in her usual artistic manner Buck's When the Heart is Young, Hiller's An Old Love Dream. Monsieur Walther played St. Saen's Elegie, besides the violin part of the Grieg Sonata, with much skill and effect. The success of the recital reflected most creditably upon Miss Sullivan and her instructor, Mr. Torrington, as well as the assisting artists.

April 6, 1897.

MY DEAR MODERATO.—With your kindly consideration for the wishes of others, will you again say a word or two in your columns in reference to the "buzzing" ones we meet at places of amusement and musical services. The beautiful service of praise given last evening in Bloor street Presbyterian church was another instance of the want of good taste on the part of several in the neighborhood of where I was sitting. Three or four young men, in the eastern gallery, made themselves particularly disagreeable by referring audibly, not only to those they knew in the assembly, but passing sweeping criticisms on those taking part in the programme. This was all the more absurd because of the relationship existing between one of the men and a vocalist of the evening. But these four men were not the only offenders. Several young women, whose appearance would have given one the impression that they knew enough to behave themselves, filled up their time in talking and laughing and generally annoying those around them. Such silly behavior is especially *outré* in a church, to say nothing of the feelings of those who go to hear the music, not the silly chatter of those who go to see or be seen.

You have frequently referred to this before, and I hope will again. Were they people of the "masses," so to speak, it would not be such a great wonder, but the offenders lay claim to education and a standing in society that is not borne out by their conduct.

Yours, etc., A SUFFERER.

Mr. J. Humfrey Anger's A Song of Thanksgiving was taken up for rehearsal at the last practice of the Toronto Philharmonic held on Tuesday evening of this week. This work has just been issued by the Novello firm, and is most admirably gotten up in the best style of that well known house. It was originally composed in the year 1886 as an "Exercise" for the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford University. In 1887 the work gained the Jubilee Gold Medal offered by the Bath Philharmonic Society for the best Hymn of Praise for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, the adjudicators being Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie and Eaton Fanning. In the following year it was performed at Bath by the Philharmonic Chorus of two hundred and fifty voices and an orchestra of sixty members, under the composer's direction. The cantata has recently been revised, and at the request of Mr. Anger's friends in this city has been included in the programme of works to be given at the Festival Concert of the Toronto Philharmonic in June next.

Several letters have been received relative to the Kansas degree question. I regret being compelled, through lack of space, to withhold publication of the same, as in each case the letters received would take up the greater part of a column. I might say, however, that the communications are particularly severe on the humbug which has been perpetrated in the name of musical art by the Kansas "University of Church Musicians." The first public reference to this "fake" appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT last July. It was then immediately taken up by several of the London, England, papers, more especially the *Musical News* and *Labourer's Truth*, which journals have sifted the matter so thoroughly that parties in England who were associated directly or indirectly with the swindle have since been scrambling out of their predicament with much more haste than elegance. The prompt expose of the scheme effectually interfered with its chances of doing business in this country.

A vocal recital by pupils of Miss Reynolds on Monday evening last attracted a very large and appreciative audience to the Conservatory Music Hall. The programme presented embraced the names of such talented pupils as Misses Carrie Waite, Josie Freyseng, Annie O'Connor, Daisy Sutherland, Emma H. Watt, Irene Graves, Dollie Martin, E. Maudie Whitney, Maude Richards, Mrs. Frank Pedley, Mrs. Burness Reith, Mr. Fred Baxter, and Mr. Morgan Jellett. The singing of these pupils evinced good natural talent on the part of the vocalists, supported by thorough and systematic training at the hands of their energetic instructress, Miss Reynolds. The recital was varied through a piano solo contributed by Miss Wagstaff and a violin solo by Miss Winnifred Skeath Smith, pupils respectively of Mr. Edward Fisher and Mr. John Bayley.

The sixth annual concert of the Toronto Orchestral School, Mr. F. H. Torrington conductor, will be held on Monday evening next in Massey Hall. An orchestra of over sixty performers will take part in a very interesting programme, which contains a number of bright compositions selected from the works of Beethoven, Haydn, Groenewald, Rossini, Mascagni, and Bernstein. The following soloists will assist: Vocal—Miss Susie Herson, Miss Eileen Millet, Mr. J. W. A. Carnahan and Mr. James Richardson; Instrumental—Miss Winnifred Skeath Smith, violin; Miss Lois Winlow, 'cello; Mr. Henry Jordan, cornet; Miss Lillian Porter, piano. Reserved seats are placed at fifty cents, admission at twenty-five cents. The plan opened at Massey Hall on Thursday morning last.

A very enjoyable piano and organ recital was given by pupils of Mr. W. J. McNally at the

College of Music on Tuesday evening last. The programme contained numbers by Bach, Salome, Lemaigre, Goria, Reinecke, Jadasohn, Davidoff-Reinecke, Grieg, Moszkowski, Von Wilm, Chaminade, Chopin and Wagner, which were interpreted in a manner creditable alike to the pupils participating and their able and conscientious teacher. The following pupils took part: Misses Williams, Hilborne, Skirrow, Pearsal, Marks, and Messrs. Atkinson and G. D. Atkinson. Vocal numbers were contributed by Miss Minnie Roach and Miss Lillie Haigh, and a violin solo by Miss Marian St. Croix.

Johannes Brahms, the great German composer, who died on Saturday of last week, was considered by many the world's greatest composer since Wagner's time. In the realm, more especially, of absolute music many great authorities claimed that he had no rival. His works are marked by great intellectual power rather than by those characteristics which appeal to the senses, consequently he has not attained to the popularity gained by many of his contemporaries. He was born in Hamburg in 1833.

An eminent American musician, at present living in Germany, in a letter to the writer comments on the large number of Canadians who are studying music in the Fatherland. He expresses the opinion that no city on this continent, of equal size, sends as many music-students abroad as Toronto. He has met Canadian music-students in London, Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Vienna, Paris, Frankfurt and Wiesbaden. In Leipzig there is no small colony of Canadians, this Saxon city still remaining the most popular with Anglo-Saxon students.

Mr. Ivor A. Thomas, of Hamilton, who has for several years past been a pupil of the Royal Conservatory of Leipzig, Germany, played the piano with marked success in an *ensemble* number at a recent concert given in that institution. Mr. J. E. Jacques, another Canadian, who is also at present a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory, sang at a concert recently given at Zeitz, Prussia. He was given a most cordial reception both by the public and critics.

To "ORGAN STUDENT."—On nearly all Canadian organs which contain but one eight-foot pedal stop, it will be found to be a Violoncello. Personally I would prefer an eight-foot pedal Flute. Guilman has expressed the opinion that preference should be given the eight-foot Flute. Several leading English organists have recently been advocating the use of pedal flute bass, or a medium scale pedal octave, open wood throughout, in preference to the 'cello.

A lecture on The Use of the Diaphragm in Singing will be delivered this (Saturday) afternoon at four o'clock in the Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm street, by Dr. C. E. Saunders. The Vocal Science Club, under whose auspices the lecture is being given, extends an invitation to vocalists, and any others who may be interested in the subject, to be present.

A vocal and instrumental recital will be given by the advanced pupils of Mr. Ernest E. Leigh at the Guild Hall, McGill street, on the evening of April 15.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, was entertained by the Toronto Clef Club at the club rooms on Tuesday evening of last week.

Mr. H. M. Field has been engaged for a piano recital in Ottawa on the evening of April 12.

MODERATO.

Contempt for London.

The Cumberland witnesses who went up to London on the Eden fishery case have returned with some interesting experiences. One of them has but a poor opinion of the Metropolis. "Ah, hadn't leave there," he said, "for a thousand years. Ah never saw a decent trout stream th' whole time Ah was away." He agreed that he was splendidly entertained, but "Ah had to sleep in a room as hee as Dixon's chimney, an' Ah was nearly starved at neets."

"There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage. 'What are they?' 'First, a good husband.' 'And the others?' 'The other five are money.'—*La Caricature*.

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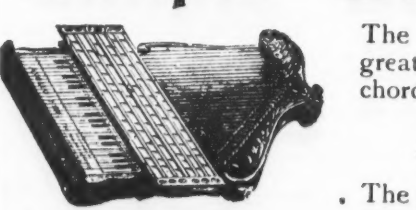
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ANCE

Social and Personal.

Miss Irene Gurney is visiting friends in Washington and is regaining her old vigor and strength. As I am told her host is a relative of President McKinley, Miss Gurney will probably get quite an idea of the present regime during her visit.

Mrs. Wade (nee Read) is expected on a visit from Winnipeg to her parents very shortly.

The Rosedale Golf Club opened for the season last Wednesday with much *clat*.

Major and Mrs. Cosby gave a dinner on Monday evening in welcome to their pastor and his charming wife.

Mr. and Mrs. McCaughan will probably receive next Thursday at their own home in Simcoe street. Many of their would-be friends have deferred calling until the newcomers were settled in the manse.

A lady writes, "Will you please mention that I will be here for a few weeks, as my friends may think I have returned to my old pension, and a mention as above will save them trouble." And in any part of her note I can find no sign of an address, so that I am in a nice quandary. However, I have done exactly as she asks. If she sees this won't she please fill in the blank?

Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Miss Flossie Kemp, Miss Augusta Robinson, Mr. Leighton McCarthy and Mr. Stewart Houston occupied a box at the Plunket Greene concert on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Massey and Mr. and Mrs. Treble came in late and sat in the founder's box. The other boxes were also filled with smart parties.

After the reception to the Crusaders in the Princess Theater, Mr. Hargrove was asked to meet several smart people in the audience who were much interested in his work and address. Mr. Hargrove wears on his right index finger a triple ring with an immense black setting curiously engraved. This is the ring which Madame Blavatsky bequeathed or presented to Mr. Hargrove, and bears the symbol of the interlaced triangles, and the Oriental characters signifying Truth. It has been vulgarly represented in cuts of the president of the Theosophical Society, in various American papers, as an immense blazing diamond, with rays shooting in all directions, whereas nothing could well be more sombre than its interesting setting.

About four hundred people attended the reception given by the Speaker and Madame Evanturel last Tuesday afternoon, and the large number of guests went away with a distinct impression of the cordial and hearty welcome of their hostess and the bright and watchful glances for the comfort and pleasure of all which she sent now and then in the direction of the passing crowd. Pretty Miss Eva Evanturel, daughter of Colonel Evanturel of Quebec, stood beside her aunt and received with her. The bright and piquante little daughter, Miss Stella, was hard to find and hard to bind, as she flitted here and there, now leading a young girl friend in search of an ice, now merrily exchanging greetings with admiring persons of the other sex—a veritable little shooting star, a flash of brightness and she was gone. Madame Evanturel wore a black and white costume and some choice roses; Miss Eva was in a French frock of pale blue and flowered silk; Miss Stella wore a simple little dotted white muslin, with white ribbons. The Speaker came in and out at intervals, being, I suppose, on duty in the House, but Monsieur Evanturel is so quick and tactful that he managed to see a great many people in a very short time.

THIRD CANADIAN...

Horse Show

Armouries THURSDAY, APRIL 29
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Handsome Costumes. And 100 Other Surprises.
A Perfect Cyclone of Laughter from Start to Finish

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SALE OF SEATS BEGINS TUESDAY NEXT

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Association Hall, Tuesday, April 20, '97
Admission, 25c. and 50c.

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Ancient Order of Foresters Concert
in aid of Hospital Fund. Good Friday, Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens. ARTISTS—Harold Jarvis, Jennie Hueston, Agnes Forbes, Mima Lund-Reburn, James Fox, Bert Harvey, H. Shippe. Tickets 25c.; children 15c. Seats reserved without extra charge. See Evening Telegram. G. M. GARDNER, Sec'y.

In the north room, where Madame Evanturel received, were many beautiful flowers banked and arranged. Rose-colored azaleas, odoriferous laburnum, white spirea, and many palms made groups of fragrance and beauty. The Band of the Q. O. R. played on the upper floor, the distance just mellowing the blasts of the cornets to a pleasant sound. People kept arriving until almost seven o'clock, at which hour the National Anthem gave a hint from the musicians that dinner awaited a good many loiterers far from home. Among the many guests I noticed: Mrs. Gibson, who had her sister and niece, Mrs. and Miss Malloch with her, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Miss Cox, Mr. E. S. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, the Sergeant-at-Arms and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mr. Hart, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. and Miss Monahan, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Mason, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Heaven, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. F. Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Youngheart, the Misses Fitzgerald, Mrs. Moffat, the Premier and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. Arto Hardy, Hon. and Mrs. Harcourt, Hon. and Mrs. G. W. Ross, Miss Ross, Dr. Quesnel, Mr. and the Misses Mason of Harr Hall, Mr. and the Misses Brock, Mr. Nicol Kingsmill, the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew, Mrs. and Miss Sheridan, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Miss Edith Jarvis, the Misses Carty, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rutter, Rev. W. and Mrs. McCaughan.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. McLaren of St. George street gave a cosy tea to a limited number of friends.

Mrs. Herbert Mason of Ermeleigh gave an afternoon for Miss Elsie Lincoln, the sweet singer of Boston, on Wednesday. Miss Lincoln is the guest of Mrs. Austin, whose mourning prevents her from doing the hostess in as complete a fashion as she otherwise would. Miss Lincoln sang for Mrs. Mason's guests and *cetera va sans dire*, delighted them thereby.

An action for libel should lie against the magazine which has published pictures of certain well known Canadian beauties recently. It is a mighty fortunate thing that the photos so confidently supplied by certain persons were voted impossible of reproduction, and that the senders were spared the annoyance of seeing themselves distorted or misrepresented. Judging by one photo which called forth a howl of indignation in a certain smart *salon* in town last Wednesday, "any old thing" might as well have been sent as the beautiful photos of our beautiful women, for we have beautiful women, even if we are slightly wanting in handsome men.

Mr. F. E. Titus requests me to say that the Countess Wachtmeister, who visited Toronto about three weeks ago, will return to the city for a few days in August, accompanied by Mrs. Annie Besant. Meetings will be held here by these two gifted ladies.

The Horse Show at the end of the month will be occupying everyone's attention in anticipation and preparation for the next three weeks. It is delightful to know that we are to see the Royal Canadian Dragoons perform their musical ride once more, as in default of a military tournament this year we should not have seen this most attractive manoeuvre. The ladies of the Toronto Hunt are, I hear, going to show some skilled and graceful horsemanship—I suppose I should say horsemanship—in a series of evolutions which they are now practicing every other day at Stanley Barracks with the assistance of the gallant officers. Those taking part are: Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Cawthra, Miss Beardmore, Miss Jones, Col. Otter, Major Lessard, Capt. Forester, and Capt. Pearce. Then the Toronto Hunt, in their pink coats, are to make the ring still more attractive. The boxes are to be sold next Thursday at 11.30 at 14 King street east, and there will be quite a rivalry for the choice ones. Among those distinguished guests from across the line are to be Sir Roderick Cameron and the Misses Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Auguste

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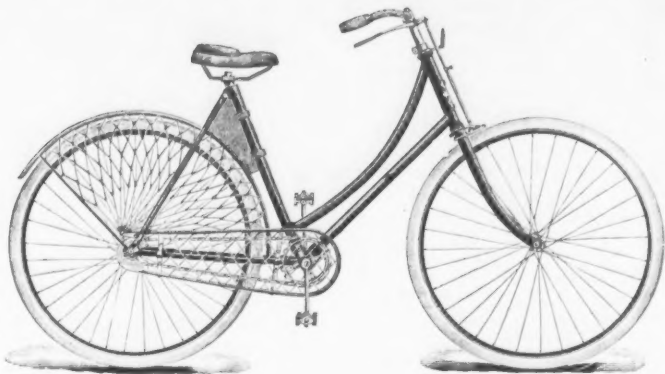
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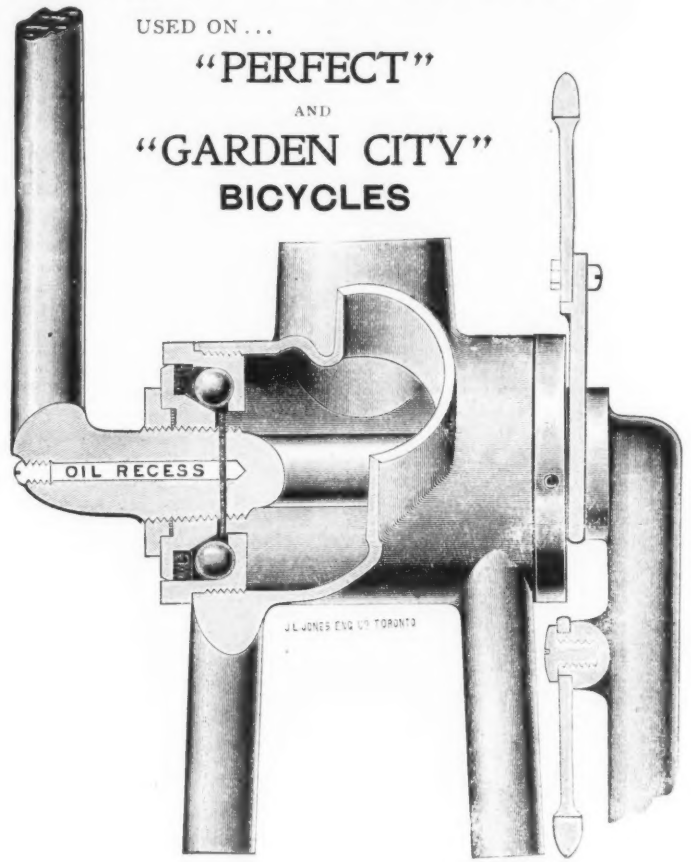
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The Comparative Military Strength of Greece and Turkey.

DESPITE the fact that the powers of Europe are unanimous in rebuking Greece for her attitude in regard to Crete, the people of the various countries whose fleets are blockading the island are in such active sympathy with the Greeks that if it were possible to equip and land men, an army might be raised in Europe and America that would so strengthen the Greeks that they could, on land at least, resist Turkey and the Powers. It is a very peculiar thing, this love for Greece, and for the most part it may be perhaps ascribed to the poetry and life of Byron. The causes, however, that moved Byron to enthusiasm are still in a measure active and affect the imagination of youth everywhere. We are not a martial people in Canada, but we are impregnated with sentiments, and if it were possible for men to assist Greece in a war with Turkey, it would be found that a great many Canadians would seize a chance to enlist under the banner of King George. But of course it is out of the question, unless, in the exigencies of the game as it proceeds, Great Britain should find herself protecting Greece. If Greece and Turkey went to war, the chances would be against Greece, and although this was true in the war between Japan and China, yet there is no such disparity between the soldierly qualities of Greeks and Turks as there was between Japs and Chinamen.

Any comparison between Turkey and Greece, either in ships or men, must inevitably result in a numerical gain for Turkey, though if quality only were considered, Greece would at many points have the advantage. But, man for man and ship for ship, Greece is outnumbered by about two to one on land and sea. Two to one is not considered hopeless odds by resolute men fighting for liberty and conscious of the world's attention and sympathy.

The military force of Turkey comprises 648 battalions of infantry, 583,200 men; 202 squadrons of cavalry, 55,300 men; 1,356 artillery guns, 54,730 men; 39 companies of engineers, 7,400 men—a total of 700,620. The Army consists of the regular troops and the reserves. The regular infantry is organized into companies, battalions, regiments, brigades and divisions. It is armed with the Martini-Peabody rifle. Turkey recently purchased 220,000 Mauser magazine rifles, though these have not been issued to the troops, however, being stored at military depots.

The peace footing of the Grecian Army has a total strength of 24,877, divided as follows: War Office, 240; infantry, 16,039; cavalry, 1,140; artillery, 2,287; engineers, 1,213; general service, 501; military schools, 222; gendarmerie, 3,220. For this force there are provided 3,739 horses and mules and 120 guns. In case of war this strength could readily be increased to 100,000 men. In addition there is a reserve force of 104,500 men. Behind this is the territorial army, numbering 146,000 men. Therefore, if hostilities should break out, Greece could put under arms 350,500 men.

Of the fleets of the two countries that of Turkey is about twice as numerous as that of Greece. The Turkish fleet comprises 207 vessels of all kinds—battleships of the first, second and third classes, seagoing coast-defence ships, harbor-defence ironclads, protected cruisers, partially-protected cruisers, torpedo catchers, and ships of all kinds, even sailing vessels.

But probably not more than ten per cent. of

ing the possibility of war between Turkey and Greece, has said that a Greek captain in command of a vessel of about 4,000 tons would overcome a Turkish ship of 6,000 tons, even allowing the Sultan's vessel heavier guns and thicker armor. The conditions, he said, would be somewhat similar to those which prevailed in the war between China and Japan.

The most powerful Grecian ships are the Psara, built in 1890; the Spetsai, built in 1889, and the Hydra, built in 1889. They are in good condition and are now in commission.

The personnel of the Greek Navy includes about 185 officers and cadets, 247 employees, 587 petty officers, 1,700 sailors, 563 stokers, or a total of about 3,200 men. The navy is manned partly by conscription from the people of the seacoast and partly by enlistment.

The Turks are desperate fighters on land, and with an army of 700,620 men opposed to one of

extinct as the buffalo. Therefore, you can see that it is to the engineers rather than to the gold-hunters that credit should be given for this immense production of the precious metal in new fields.

"Then there are the squatters. Many scores of these have reared tents and rude habitations along the new line of railway, and, squat-like, are very pertinacious of what they term their 'rights,' and refuse to be dislodged. It is doubtful if they ever will be. They have just been holding a rousing meeting, at which a gentleman of the name of Ragless presided. Think of it!—contemplate him!—Ragless!

"It was at the shanty of one of these squatters—or rather just outside it—that a typical camp concert was given three nights ago. A big bonfire was lit and grouped around it was a sea of faces—each a study.

"The star of the evening was a grizzled old placer miner, one of the Cariboo veterans—



TYPES OF THE TURKISH ARMY.

350,500 men would be able to meet the Greeks man to man and still have 350,120 men to move about the board. Yet modern battles depend very much upon generalship and great guns, and it is generally conceded that the Turkish army and navy lack wise discipline and are honeycombed with corruption only to an extent supposed to be a little less than was found to be the case with China.

While, therefore, the odds are in favor of Turkey on land and sea, yet with more modern vessels and better discipline on the water, and on land an enthusiasm and national pride such as distinguish no other people in the world, it by no means follows that Greece would get the worst of it if Europe allowed the two nations to engage in war.

The New Gold Rush.

Romance of the New Johannesburg.

ROSSLAND is coming to the front. The London Daily Mail, although a new paper, is one of the most widely read in England, and it has come out with a column article, The New Gold Rush—Romance of the New Johannesburg, written by Mr. Beckles Willson, who has been touring Canada in the interests of that paper. He

who sang a number of the old mining songs with great effect. Every verse was vociferously encored; and as a sample I append the following:

I started in my mining life
By chopping board wood,
But I was born with axe in hand,
So I could use it good.
My chum was from the State of Maine,
Somewhere near Tennessee;
But, ah, I was from Canada,
And he could not chop with me.

chorus.
But, ah, I was from Canada, etc.
"Rossland has hitherto been a fairly quiet camp, but I am disposed to think this is too good to last. And if it doesn't last I know one man who hails from Butte City, Montana, who will rejoice thereat. There was a miner shot in the abdomen while playing cards recently, and when this lank, leathery, tobacco-chewing acquaintance of mine heard of the episode he chuckled, and adroitly hitting the aperture of an adjacent spittoon, he exclaimed: 'Ah! that's more like it! That's good for the blues! I'll be dad-blistered if I don't believe she's going to reel high-grade camp, arter all!'"

BECKLES WILLSON.

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I. M. Iral, 186 Drolet street, Montreal. Suffered fifteen years. Cured of Blind Itching Piles. William Butler, Posaunan, Ont. Suffered many months. Cured of Protruding Piles by one box.

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Nelson Simmons, Myersburg, Ont., cured of Itching Piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will positively cure all forms of Piles. Write any of the above if in doubt.

Quite Right.

It was before an Irish trial justice: The evidence was all in, and the plaintiff's attorney had made a long, eloquent, and logical argument. Then the defendant's attorney took the floor.

"What you doing?" asked the justice, as the lawyer began.

"Going to present our side of the case."

"I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tendency to confuse the court."

So the defendant's lawyer sat down.



TYPES OF THE GREEK ARMY.

the Turkish fleet is in a condition to put to sea. Most of her vessels are of obsolete types, and many have been completely neglected for several years. Turkey has one first-class battle-ship, the Abdel-Kader, which is nearing completion. She is of modern design, and is built of steel. Her displacement is 10,650 tons; horse-power, 11,150; and speed seventeen knots.

The Messudieh, Turkey's only second-class battle-ship, is of iron. She displaces 9,120 tons, and has an indicated horse-power of 7,800 and a speed of thirteen knots. There are seven battle-ships of the third class. All but one, the Hamidieh, were constructed between 1864 and 1872. They have recently been overhauled and made more modern, though even in their present condition they cannot be called efficient fighters.

The nominal strength of the personnel of the Turkish Navy is six vice-admirals, eleven rear-admirals, 248 captains, 299 commanders, 228 lieutenants, 187 ensigns, 30,000 sailors, and about 9,000 marines.

The Grecian Navy comprises one hundred and three vessels of all classes, or about half as many as are under the command of the Sultan. The Grecian vessels are of later design than those of Turkey, and while smaller and less numerous, King George's fleet is so much superior to the Sultan's that the ships would make a good showing on the seas. Greek officers and sailors are of good physique, and are constantly kept under strict discipline. This cannot be said of the Sultan's naval force.

A prominent British naval officer, in discuss-

quotes a clerical wit whom he met at Revelstoke as saying, "Gold or dross—Rossland or dross land?"

"Rossland sprang up like a mushroom, in a single night, and its population, now comprising some 8,000 souls (and a number of Chinamen) is larger by several dozens every sunset than at dawn. There may be poverty in Rossland, and that, too, of the grim, ugly, mining-camp sort, there may be more empty stomachs than coined dollars and quarters; there may be shivering forms and much human misery; but—there is gold! The seedy-looking man who comes in with twelve ounces of ore from his new claim on Trail Creek may not have had any breakfast, but it is not improbable that he will have a dinner that would make a Roman glutton ashamed of his slim and slender orgies. To-morrow that man will have sold his mine for \$5,000 to a speculator, and the next day the speculator will be floating a company with \$100,000 capital!

"It is stupendous—this recklessness with which big figures are handled. Millions pass as easily through the lips of these seedy-looking men in Rossland as units. The town is full of sharks and speculators; there is much lying and cozening, and hundreds of thousands of pounds are invested, which may prove to be as good as thrown into the sea. But after all, this fact remains, Rossland is the metropolis of a nearly inexhaustible gold-bearing country, and Rossland to-day is the greatest gold-copper mining camp on the face of the earth!

"Nuggets and 'free-gold' will soon be as



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We have these shoes and will be delighted to show them to you. The prices are just as attractive as the shoes.

Boys's Sizes—1 to 5

Canvas with leather trimmings

90 Cents

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Some in canvas with leather trimmings, others in leather with Mercury soles and Goodyear welts.

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New Fancy Work Book

for 1896. Just out. Gives explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, centerpieces and dollies in all the latest and most popular designs, including Rose, Jewel, Delft, Wild Flower and Fruit patterns. It tells you just the shades of silk to use for each design, as well as complete directions for working. Also, rules for knitting Baby's Shirt and Cap and crocheting Baby's Bonnet; 80 pages, over 60 illustrations. Sent to any address for 10c. in stamps. Mention "for 1896 Corticelli Home Needlework."

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Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets embody a new common sense principle whereby the food is acted upon immediately after being taken into the stomach and its digestion insured. They are not based on the principle of a restricted or "milk and water diet," but on that of good living as a means to cure stomach troubles. They turn healthy foods into strengthening nutriment, which imparts the glow of health to the cheek, brightens the eye and renders the step elastic. They were created "for the stomach's sake," and the stomach creates all bodily power. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents per box, 6 for \$2.50, or by mail by addressing Dodd's Medicine Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



ENABLES YOU
TO EAT THREE
MEALS A DAY
ENJOY THEM
AND SLEEP
NIGHTS.

Studio and Gallery

A visit to Mr. G. A. Reid's life class in the Central Ontario School of Art and Design (so called for short) revealed the large studio well filled with students hard at work, not so noisy, nor so paint-begrimed, nor so closely packed, nor so advanced in work as in some life classes we have been in, but quite as earnest. The model, a little girl in blue cloak and with bare head, was seated on her throne, no doubt finding the task irksome enough, for she gradually changed position more than once. At peril of one's clothes, from paint-laden palette and brush, the tour of the room was made, and it fully repaid the danger braved. All sorts and conditions of studies there were, the medium used being chiefly oil, the size nearly life, the head alone attempted in most cases, though some wisely vary the size constantly and alternate the study of the whole figure with that of the head only, "so we won't be too set in our ways, don't you see," one gaily explained. Some of the workers were evidently beginners; others had passed the "floundering" period, as an embryo artist once expressed it, and were feeling after form and showing some knowledge and grasp of construction. As to color, a less important affair at this stage, there seemed a fair appreciation. To understand how very differently we appear to different people one needs but to pose for a class. Mr. Reid's criticisms and teachings tend to impress on the students breadth of treatment, painter-like methods and attention to the important fundamentals of art. Among the students are a number whose work has already found a place at the exhibitions, but who still find the class of the greatest benefit.

Among the works of art commemorating of this Jubilee year is a bust of Her Majesty, the clay model for which Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy has just finished. It stands eighteen inches high including the pedestal, and is certainly a very refined and pleasing piece of sculpture. The Queen is represented as she appeared about ten years ago: Over the head is a lace drapery, the crown worn being the light, graceful affair which was made on the occasion of the Queen's becoming Empress of India; the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter are worn, and on the shoulder are two Indian decorations. The pedestal has its significance, too: At the corners are winged lions, and the Royal Arms are in front. As to the most important part, the head is slightly turned, and the graceful fall of the lace on one side is skilfully arranged; the pose is dignified, the face slightly kindly, possibly a trifle sad. The artist has given a more refined, less heavy, character to the features than we see in some pictures; and, while the work could not be expected to bear the impress of that modeled directly from life, it is an excellent and satisfactory representation of one of the best of queens and noblest of women. The bust is to be reproduced in bronze and possibly some other materials. It may be seen almost any time at the artist's studio, 28 Toronto street.

The Roberts art gallery has recovered from the startling appearance it presented during the poster exhibition and has resumed the even tenor of its way as a comfortable, artistic, well lighted studio, into which it is a pleasure to drop once in a while to see something good. A mellow, dreamy canvas by Calvert looks down on one from the wall, a sort of spring idyl. A pictorial incident, sadly pathetic, hangs on another wall and is by Miss Laura Muntz. A canvas that the writer would long to possess is the life-size, three-quarter picture of a chubby little child kissing her doll; in its broken, unfinished manner it admirably expresses childhood. It is by Piltz.

Miss Beresford Tully has just finished the carving of a credence memorial table which is to be placed in St. Thomas' church on Easter Sunday. This, along with some very interest-

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53 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO

Example.



Uncle Dick—Ah, yes, cricket is a fine game, no doubt—a very fine game. But football now! That's the game to make your hair curl!
Miss Dulcie (meditatively)—Do you play football much, uncle?—Punch.

ing specimens of carving by her pupils, may be seen in Miss Tully's studio, room S, Yonge street Arcade, on Wednesday and Thursday of next week. The design for the table is foliage in the Gothic style and is an admirable example of work for which there seems to be a growing demand in interior decoration, a decoration, too, that leaves a big field for originality.

Miss K. Junor has kindly permitted me to publish the following interesting notes from a letter received by her from a friend now traveling in Europe:

ANTWERP, March 20, 1897.
DEAR FRIEND,—Well, I have had a most delightful time here for nearly five weeks, and my next move is to Paris on Monday, where I hope to remain long enough to get an idea of the city, Notre Dame and the Louvre in particular, and will do my best to store my mind with lasting memories which may perhaps give others pleasure.

Here, art is first, last and all the time in view, and the very poorest can't but get education, unconsciously, in works of beauty. All can gaze on the glorious works of Rubens (to mention him as prince of a host of the immortals), the beautiful churches, the statues at every open place, the magnificent Art Gallery open two days a week free, the many exhibitions of local artists, free to all—indeed, it is a great privilege to have all this at will. In the Gallery is a splendid collection of old masters and modern; to enumerate them would fill much more than a letter. Of Rubens alone there are fourteen great works; Van Dyke is also well represented, and the old, old schools, so beautiful and so quaint. But one feels as if, setting aside Rubens, the Holland school is choicest. There is controversy about this, however.

The gallery at Brussels is more conveniently arranged, but, of course, has nothing to compare with the great Rubens. I have been almost every day in the cathedral, and Sunday and Thursday the great elevation and descent are open, free other days covered. I must say the Church of Rome is extremely generous and guards these priceless treasures well. The grandeur and simplicity of some of the churches are remarkable, while others are overlaid with costly marble, gold and silver work, etc., to my mind decreasing the effect of the interior. I must not enlarge too much, but pass on to an exhibition of modern work—Impressionist—a large collection all by one living artist, who won't sell a 7 x 9 less than \$100—500 francs—and I counted ten from that size to four feet by three feet, sold at such remarkable prices, and I would not much desire one of them as a gift. Always will tastes differ. The figures, when looked at closely, seemed as if sprinkled with confetti, and the cows, ducks, etc., really looked like impossible to ordinary ignorant observer, but all this is poetish, and if you don't admire so much the worse for you—you "have no soul." Rainbows in convulsions are what you think of when first you enter the salon, but I must confess a second and third visit found me growing more tolerant. There is now another artist showing work, and I hope to see it before I go. I think his is of the more old-fashioned type. How fortunate I am to be among people who enthuse on art. I have taken quite a fancy to some little vessels in red clay that I see in the old museum. Such elegant shapes and fine decorations, as if done with a needle. I should like to know how to model them.

I find the women here quite active in art as in Canada, and I see workers here, but don't think they are organized. One lady was painting a beautiful copy of Lady Godiva. Several others were busy in the Wiertz Museum, where the pictures are astonishingly beautiful, (some of them). Music is here as much in vogue, at least, as painting, and I have seen beautiful sculptures in the galleries, too. Even leaving Paris aside, I feel that I have acquired a treasure of memories that will help me should I never visit Europe again.

Yours, MARY PATTON.

The Canadian Gazette, London, Eng., says: "Mr. Homer Watson, the well known Canadian landscape painter, and Mrs. Watson, are just now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Biggs at Maidenhead. Canadians in London will be pleased to hear that Mr. Watson is to remain in the Mother Country for some months. It may fairly be hoped, too, that some of Mr. Watson's charming canvases will be on view again in conspicuous places about London."

Miss Gertrude Spurr, who is soon to leave for England on a pleasure trip in which a good deal of work in the way of sketching and art sight-seeing will be done, has been holding open studio all week at 9 Toronto street, this being the last day. The work shown contains specimens of the artist's studies for some years past, and they are all characterized by careful, minute handling. While there is a decided tendency to over-elaboration, to "teased color," the point of view is usually well chosen and the color pleasing. Among the water-colors, a clump of young trees in full blossom has the freest handling. Upland Road at Point Levis shows the steep path up the rugged hill on which some picturesque old white houses stand; this was exhibited at the World's Fair. A number of street scenes in Clovelly, Devon

shire, are interesting; a little sunny wood interior and October Glow in the Doon Ravine are also well rendered. There are also two figure sketches showing the artist's attainments in another direction.

Miss Celia Kearns, who has for several years been in charge of the Brockville Art School, expects to spend some time in Toronto studying with Mr. G. A. Reid at the Art School.

An article in the March number of the *Art Amateur* on The Anatomy of Animals is illustrated from Mr. Ernest E. Thompson's book, *Studies in the Anatomy of Animals*, and in it the writer strongly commends this work as of use both to artist and beginner, and as containing much that is novel and highly instructive as well as difficult of attainment.

All but two of the remaining sixty-one pictures of the collection of the late Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball of Cleveland were sold in New York on March 26, fetching \$37,240. Although all the great names of art were represented, the prices realized were low, a portrait of Titian, by himself, for instance, fetching only \$2,000. This was due to the fact that the genuineness of the pictures was in many cases not sufficiently established to satisfy connoisseurs. For the same reason the Cleveland public art gallery declined the offer of the gift of the whole collection.

Edmond Charles Yon, the French landscape painter and etcher, who died recently in Paris, was born in that city in 1836, and began his career as a wood engraver, but became a pupil of Lequesne and developed a talent for painting. He was admitted to the Legion of Honor in 1886, and won a gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. LYNN C. DOYLE.

THE KING OF MAN-KILLERS.

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Stopping Forever the Deadly Assaults of
Life's Most Insidious Foe.

Men are dropping from the ranks everywhere. Cut down in the flower of youth or the fruitage of manhood by that ruthless destroyer—Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

Only a few days ago Sir Hercules Robinson, the doughty Governor of Cape Colony was forced to resign that post because of encroaching Bright's Disease.

Hardly had his successor been appointed when the wires brought tidings of the death of William P. St. John, a New York banker, and remembered by everyone as the treasurer of the National Democratic party during the latest national campaign. Bright's Disease carried him off.

It has killed many better men than most of us. So has Diabetes, its twin curse. Yet there is one cure (and only one) that never fails in cases of Diabetes and Bright's Disease. Let these testimonials bear witness:

MR. FRED CARTERS, Palmerston, Ont., says: "After many years of suffering with Bright's disease, I am a new man, cured by using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

MR. F. X. GROUT, Ottawa, Ont., says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills have been a godsend to me as they have cured me of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys."

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MR. CHAS. T. BYE, Garryowen P.O., Ont., says: "For the past three years have suffered of Diabetes, but noticing cures published I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills which have perfectly cured me."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are for sale by druggists everywhere, and by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. Price 50 cents a box.

"So, Dorothy is not going to marry Mr. Strymer?" "No; she kept talking to him about books he hadn't read, and he got irritated and broke the engagement."—Puck.



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If you want to enjoy the highest pleasure in your wheeling ride a "Columbia"—the standard of the world.
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A Story 3,000 Years Old.

You know the ancient story about Penelope, the wife of Ulysses? No doubt, for it has been told over and over for the last 3,000 years. Nevertheless let us have it once more—cut short. Ulysses went off to the wars and left Penelope at home. A very long time elapsed and he didn't come back. People tried to persuade her to marry again. She said she would as soon as she had finished a piece of cloth she was weaving. All right, they said, thinking they should have her married again before the new moon was old. But they were disappointed. Determined to await the return of her husband she picked apart every night as much of the cloth as she had woven during the day.

"A very obvious device," you say, "yet what of it?" A good deal of it. It made the old Greek vagabond happy on his return, and it furnishes me with a neat and effective illustration. Kindly read the following letter, and you will see the point for yourself:

"In the spring of 1886 I began to suffer from illness. I felt weak, languid, and tired. My appetite was very poor, and what little food I took gave me great pain at the chest, sides, and back. After every meal I was sick, my stomach being unable to retain my food. I dieted myself, taking only plain and simple food, but this made no difference.

"As time went on, the pain at my chest and side increased, until it was like a knife cutting me. In this way I continued until October, 1889, when I was obliged to give up my situation. At this time I was in service at the Rectory, Tetsworth.

"I returned to my home, where I finally became so weak that I could not lift a knife to my mouth. I was fed on slops, but even this light nourishment gave me intense pain and distress. I got little or no sleep at night, and wasted away so much that I did not think I could live.

"During my long illness I was treated by several different physicians, but their medicines

did me no good. In March, 1890, my mother persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking one bottle I found relief. The sickness left me and my food gave me no pain. After having used three bottles I was cured, and have never had a day's illness since. My mistress and others asked what has cured me, and I told them it was Mother Seigel's Syrup. Because, instead of making you feel strong, courageous, and ambitious, food turns against you; becomes sour, rotten, and poisonous, and scatters the seeds of suffering in every part of your body reached by the corrupted blood; and that is everywhere. This is indigestion and dyspepsia—the bane and curse of all life, civilized or savage, since man appeared on the earth. Read Mrs. Sadler's letter again to learn how it begins, how it advances, the horrors of being a slave to it, and (best of all) how to cure it.

Homer made Penelope famous in a poem; but through their letters and words of thanks for rescue from suffering, the women of England have conferred a better renown on Mother Seigel and her great discovery.

Easter Time for New Garments.

You expect to don a new suit at Easter time. It's customary to have your new clothing for that time; in fact, it's man's time for appearing in the newest, be it a neat sack suit for business, a frock suit, or a lighter overcoat. Styles are a matter of taste, and there are as many styles as there are tastes. Submitting always to a greater or less extent to the extremes in fashion, the secret of successful tailoring is to give a man exactly what he wants and have the garments well within the precincts of what's shown on plates as the up-to-date. Henry A. Taylor, the Rossin Block, is style dictator for Toronto. This fact is conceded. He makes a fine art of clothing to order, and one's always safe in going by his judgment in the matter of what's just proper. Just now the range of fine woollens carried by him for his high-class trade is complete in the minutest particular in nice, new stuffs for spring and summer wear.

Eight Bells.

Byrne Bros. will bring Eight Bells to the Grand Opera House for three nights, beginning next Thursday, with matinees Good Friday and Saturday. This popular production has been on the road for several years and has scored remarkable successes. We are told that it has been put in a new dress this season.

The Apollo Harp.

This unique little instrument, advertised in another column, is without doubt the most capable small musical instrument before the public to-day. The symphonic slide, which is one of the chief features, is a marvelous achievement. By means of it a 36-string harp can be made to produce 72 distinct musical chords. All transpositions can be effected without break in tempo. All chromatic passages can be rendered in any and all keys. The highest evidence of the inventor's skill, however, is in the fact that he has combined wonderful capabilities in the harp, with a system so simple, that not only is all discord impossible, but even a novice, in one week, can master the principles so as to play simple tunes.

An examination of these instruments will be a revelation to our readers.

When there is such a wide choice in the matter of corsets, there is no excuse nowadays for a woman to have a poor figure unless she is really physically deformed. A neat and natty new design in long-waisted stays is "The Victoria," just placed on the market by The Crumpton Corset Co. It is made of the best white coutille, also of dove-colored satin, and boned with the finest metal-tipped steel. Its makers claim this shapely garment to be of unsurpassed wearing qualities.

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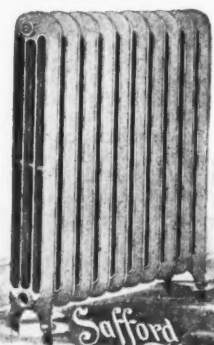
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are detachable and need no tools but your hands. Send for our catalogue—it will interest you to understand just why Dunlop's are the popular favorites.

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Plans and specifications of the work can be seen on and after the 31st day of March, 1897, at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's office at Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can also be obtained at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender the actual signature of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for \$100,000 must accompany the tender. This accepted bank cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted bank cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Contractors are specially notified that the conditions requiring the works to be wholly completed by the 31st day of January, A.D. 1899, will be rigidly enforced and all penalties for delay exacted.

GALOPS CANAL

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Cardinal Section of the Galop Canal," will be received at this office until 10 o'clock on Saturday the 17th day of April, 1897, for the works connected with the enlargement of the Galop Canal.

Plans and specifications of the work can be seen on and after the 31st day of March, 1897, at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's office at Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can also be obtained at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender the actual signature of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$100,000 must accompany the tender. This accepted bank cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted bank cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Contractors are specially notified that the conditions requiring the works to be wholly completed by the 31st day of January, A.D. 1899, will be rigidly enforced and all penalties for delay exacted.

GALOPS CANAL

By order,
J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary,
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 20th March, 1897.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

J. & G. STEWART'S (EDINBURGH) OLD VATTED SCOTCH WHISKY THE BEST IN THE WORLD ASK FOR IT

"For Baby's Sake." BABY'S OWN TABLETS...

A gentle and effectual purgative for infants and small children; replaces all nauseous and griping drugs—no drug taste.
"I valued the floor right and day with my baby: tried every remedy I could hear of but nothing would do until we got Baby's Own Tablets: the relief came like magic."—Mrs. R. Gibbons, Brockville.
Use BABY'S OWN POWDER in the Nursery
The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

MORRISON—March 23, Mrs. Charles R. Morrison—a daughter.
SUTCLIFFE—April 1, Mrs. F. W. Sutcliffe—a son.
BERNARD—March 28, Mrs. C. A. Bernard—a daughter.
EWING—March 30, Mrs. W. G. H. Ewing—a daughter.
HAND—March 30, Mrs. J. H. Hand—a daughter.
SMITH—April 1, Mrs. C. E. Smith—a son.
HENDERSON—March 31, Mrs. A. Henderson—a daughter.
HUDSON—April 4, Mrs. W. F. Hudson—a daughter.
CAYLEY—April 5, Mrs. F. Osmond Cayley—a daughter.

Marriages.

CROZIER—LATIMER—April 7, Archibald Crozier to Margaret Agnes Latimer.
GOLDSMITH—DAVIS—April 1, Perry G. Goldsmith to Alice Davis.

Deaths.

EDLUND—On April 6, Frederick C. Edlund, 20 McCaul street, aged 9 months and 12 days.
ROBERTSON—Niece, March 22, C. W. Robertson.
WRIGHT—April 7, John Wright, aged 50.
GARDNER—April 3, John Carey Gardner, aged 71.
COCKBURN—April 4, Sarah Cockburn, aged 86.
MAAS—April 1, Ernest W. Maas.
MCCULLAGH—March 30, Robert McCullagh, aged 64.
BOULTHER—April 1, Constance Mary Boulther.
HARBOTTLE—April 1, Captain J. K. Harbottle, aged 37.
COY—April 1, Marian Coy, aged 23.
ADAMS—March 31, John B. Adams, aged 34.
MORRISON—April 1, Isabella D. Morrison, aged 25.
KELLY—April 1, Catherine Kelly, aged 13.
DEWAR—April 2, Emily Dewar, aged 90.
NICKOLS—April 2, William Nickols, aged 87.
RATHBUN—April 4, Herbert B. Rathbun, aged 35.

FUNERAL NOTICE

The PROPER furnishing and conducting of FUNERALS at a cost that does not make them a burden an ART with us.

W. H. STONE

YONGE 343 STREET

Telephone 932

DIPHTHERIA—SCARLET FEVER

Public Schools Closed by SPOONER'S PHENYLE DISINFECTANT
Used every week prevents this kind of thing. Cheap. Druggists all sell it.